TALES of MODERN MISSIONARIES

JEANNE M. SERRELL

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TALES OF MODERN MISSIONARIES

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

By
JEANNE M. SERRELL
Author of "Tales of Great Missionaries," etc.

Foreword by
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"And Jesus sent them to heal, to preach, to teach."

To
All Boys and Girls of Teen Age,
Who Desire to Make
Their Lives Count,
And in the Hope that They, too, may be "sent",
This Book
Is Affectionately Dedicated
by the Author

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FOREWORD

THERE is nothing more thrilling, in the business of growing up, than to follow the careers of men and women who have done worth-while things. From the early days of my own boyhood I have found inexpressible happiness in delving into the experiences of rare souls who have thrown their lives into big, gripping tasks. Do you know what I mean? I'll tell you.

This past summer I stood again by the tomb of David Livingstone in Westminster Abbey. What happened? Just this. I started off on a long line of thinking about Henry Morton Stanley who found Livingstone when lost in the heart of Africa! What fun and what joy, what satisfaction and what enlightenment we may know in hunting for the heroes of the faith! Surely among all the fields of activity which are beckoning to boys and girls, to-day, there are no finer opportunities for abundant living than those which have to do with missionary service at home or abroad.

As I have read these fascinating stories by Mrs. Serrell, I have been impressed anew with the fact that the pioneer spirit is just as necessary in the twentieth century as it was in the days of Christianity's early struggles. Indeed, I am inclined to say that pioneering is more necessary now, because the world is so much more confused and complicated, than ever before. The stories in this book are not homilies: they are stirring reports of astounding events. They are not pious long-faced ramblings: they are healthy, happy adventures! I'll wager that a reading of *Tales of Modern Mission-*

aries will make many a lad and many a lassie say, " Goodness, I've got to get busy and make a dent, too! "

Boys and girls, this Foreword is for you. Grown-ups may read it if they like, but it is primarily yours. You are living in a time when missionary thinking is a huge job. You've got to know the whole world and help every part of it if you are aspiring to be an intelligent Christian. Read this book by an open fire, or perhaps under a fine old pine-tree, and see if you can keep from resolving to follow the Great Pioneer! I don't know where He will lead *you,* but I do know He has a worth-while place for you somewhere. You can accomplish splendid things for Him now and every day of your life, if you'll catch the spirit of high climbing in these five tales which sound so clearly the call to the sort of living that really matters!

PHILIP SMEAD BIRD.

Church of the Covenant,
Cleveland, Ohio.

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LEWIS ESSELSTYN OF PERSIA

LEWIS ESSELSTYN OF PERSIA

I

BEGINNINGS

IN a little town in northern New York he was born—a little boy with red hair.

"Humph," said his father, looking at him with a twinkle in his eye.

"H'm," said the mother with a sigh, "I suppose that will spell temper!"

"I guess so, but 'temper' spells character, if controlled."

"Let us hope for the best, and pray that it may be so."

Together, the father and mother thanked God for their little one, and thanking God for the gift, consecrated it to His service.

And now let us take a glimpse at the red-haired little fellow at the age of one year.

Night outside: inside, a cheery, comfortable room with a busy mother sewing at a table, by the light of a lamp—one of the old-fashioned oil lamps with an attractive home-made shade. By the mother, in his high chair—the baby, a bright youngster with mischief gleaming in his eyes. Oh yes, it had been very amusing for a while to tear an old rag-doll to pieces, but now the pieces were all on the floor, and the baby's hands were left with nothing to do. His eyes wandered toward his mother's work. That was an attractive red suit of

his own that she was mending—busily, steadily the needle flew, back and forth. But however strong his longing to catch the elusive gleam of light reflected in the needle, Baby knew that that was to be left alone. He had tested the " prick-prick " the other day, and it had hurt. Not because of his mother's warning, but because of his own experience, he remembered—he knew!

His gaze again wandered. That was a pretty lamp-shade, right within his reach. Bending his body forward, he tried to peep underneath. Oh, what a pretty light! That surely would be a good plaything,—so immediately, Baby's hand stretched out toward the chimney.

Mother looked up. " No, no, Lewis," she cried, " hot, it burns! "

Lewis settled back, biding his time. There, Mother was not looking—quickly two little hands shot forward, for a grasp of the wonderful red glow. But Mother's eyes were quicker. Swift punishment fell on the chubby fingers, and Baby once more sat back, with a whine nursing his slapped hand.

But surely Mother must be mistaken! The bright red thing could not possibly hurt anybody. Again mischief lurked in Baby's grin. For a long time he watched; then came his chance. Mother stood up, holding up the finished garment to the light. For a second her back was turned—quick as a flash, out went Lewis' hands, clutching the lamp-chimney with a firm grip. A crash of glass and a long, piercing, heart-breaking yell broke the stillness—great big sobs, two very badly scorched hands, a very scared little boy—a mother's comforting arms—and the incident was over. But a lesson had been learned again, through hard experience—Lewis *knew* . . . that fire burned.

Years passed by, and again something had hurt. But Lewis, being now a big boy, did not cry. Out in the barn, after school hours, he was hard at work building a cart, and a cart is no easy job for a boy of twelve. Somehow, that afternoon, the hatchet had slipped and chopped off part of his thumb. Out of the barn he bolted, holding his injured hand way above his head, and as he came out, a gruff but kindly voice hailed him: " What's the matter, Sonny? If it's a cut, come right over; I've got some stuff that will cure it in no time." Knowing his mother was not home, Lewis accepted his neighbour's invitation, and pretty soon, he was chatting away merrily while the neighbour applied salve and bandage.

" You know, Sonny, that's great stuff! I make it myself," said the old man. " If everybody would use it, burns and cuts would be things to be laughed at! There, isn't that better? I am sure it doesn't hurt much now, does it? "

" Not much," admitted Lewis, " it's still a little sore, that's all."

It was quite a little sore, but the salve did work a miracle, and inside of two days, the boy was again working at his beloved cart though, of course, his hand was still bandaged up. Soon after, the elderly neighbour, basking in the sun, saw Lewis coming across in a very mysterious way.

" Say, sir," he broke out when near, " I have an idea! You said you made that wonderful salve ' stuff ' yourself. What about selling it? It isn't right to keep that ointment hidden! Folks ought to know about it."

" But who'll tell them, Sonny? "

" Why, I will, if you'll let me. You show me how to make it, and I bet you I can sell a whole lot in a short time."

Old Father Day smiled indulgently. " Slowly, Sonny, slowly," he said. " Give me time to think it over."

He did think it over, and it was a very triumphant Lewis who came away a few hours later. That very day he set to work under the old man's instruction, and as it was Saturday, spent the whole afternoon in the woods, hunting for a certain root—then at the druggist's, ordering certain drugs, then at the hardware store, choosing small jars—then at his mother's.

" What is it you want? " she asked, watching him with amusement ferreting about with a very important look.

" Where on earth do you keep preserve labels? " the boy replied.

" Preserve labels? " queried his mother. " Why, how many would you want? "

" Oh, 'bout fifty, I dare say,—mebbe a hundred! "

" Here they are," she said as she handed him the box, " but you'd better get me some more then! "

With a hurried " thank you," the boy dashed off to Father Day's, taking his treasures with him. The old man laughed at his haste.

" Why, my boy," he said. " All we can do now is soak the roots you got, and then we'll have to wait. You have to wait also for the things you ordered."

" Wait! " echoed Lewis, and his face fell. He did not like to wait.

" Oh, I can write out the labels," he exclaimed, " but how are we going to call the stuff? "

" Magic Day Salve? " suggested Father Day.

Lewis pondered. " No, I'd rather not have ' magic ' in it," he drawled, " it doesn't sound Christian! " The old man laughed.

" Oh, is that so? " he said. " Well, well, who wouldn't know, just by that thought of yours, that your father is an elder in the church! Ha, ha, ha!

But have it your way. Call it 'Day Salve.'" And Day Salve it was to be.

For a little while, all was mysterious about Lewis. He would run home after school, shut himself up in the barn, and work and plan.

"What's up, Lewis?" his sister Rose would ask.

"What's up, Lou?" little John would pipe in.

"Oh, you'll see presently," Lewis would answer, and walk off in a very important manner, while his sister Rose would stare at him with admiration—nay, adoration—in her eyes, and little John would try to imitate his big brother, by stalking off with his hands in his pockets, and his lips puckered up for a whistle,—a whistle which would not come—for he was only four years old—only a baby!

What a proud Lewis it was who stood one day before his own house, ready to start on his first "selling tour." In his cart was a row of small jars, neatly labelled in childish print—the result of many an hour of painstaking effort:

DAY SALVE—WILL CURE ALL BURNS—ALL CUTS
IN NO TIME
APPLY TO THE WOUND AS IT IS—
COVER WITH BANDAGE
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

"I'll make your fortune, sir, . . . and mine!" he shouted as he passed by Father Day.

The old man waved, but shook his head rather dubiously; with an amused twinkle in his eye, however, he sat looking at the boy's lithe figure, turning the corner. As he looked, something like envy crept into his heart, and as he closed his eyes, he dreamed again the dreams of youth. A fortune! . . . Ah!

It wasn't a fortune that Lewis made, and what he *did* make, he didn't make in a day. But he made a neat little sum which he put aside in the Savings Bank, for his college days, for he wanted to go to college, and he knew he would have to work his way through.

Another boy in Lansing had the same ambition—Abe, a Jew—and Lewis decided to launch out on a new business adventure with him. They were neighbours, and one afternoon, as they came home from school, Lewis unfolded his plan.

" Say, Abe," he said suddenly. " What about getting chickens from the country farms, and selling them in town for Sunday dinners? "

" I'm with you," answered Abe. " But where'll we get the cart to go and get the chickens? "

" Oh, Father will let me have his, I guess, if we start off early enough Saturday mornings, so as to be back before he needs it."

That very Saturday, around seven in the morning, you would have seen two boys driving an old horse up and down country lanes.

" Well, Abe, we did get a lot of orders," observed Lewis, consulting a long list of names. " Now we have to get the chickens! "

" How much money do you think we'll have to pay for them? " asked Abe.

" Well, I don't know, mebbe we can get them cheap if we get a lot at one place."

" Then, Lewis, we'd make a nice profit on them, eh? That will be great."

Toward eight o'clock, the boys were back in town. In the cart back of them lay fifty chickens, tied in pairs, by the feet. The first order was about to be delivered.

Grown quite shy all of a sudden, Lewis balked.

" Say, Abe," he suggested, " you'd better go with the first batch. I'll wait here with the horse."

Abe got down, and as he walked to the back door, the chickens, head down, began to flap and squawk, protesting vigorously. There was a moment's silence as Abe turned the corner, then Lewis heard excited voices. His friend was slow in reappearing.

" Oh, there, Lou," he shouted, " you're wanted."

When Lewis got to the entrance, he had the impression that something was wrong. There stood a good stout housewife, arms akimbo, eyeing him askance—and there stood Abe, silent, with a hang-dog expression, still holding on to the chickens.

" Well, young man," the woman began, " is that the way you expected to deliver them chickens? Why, don't you know nothing; or did you want to ' do ' me, when I gave you the order? For land's sake, I don't want them fowls *alive!* I want them killed and plucked and drawn! "

Lewis' jaw fell. Alive! Of course, they were, but why not? In taking the order he had simply said he would get chickens that had not been on the ice. Turning to the woman, he stated the fact.

" Ha, ha, ha! " she laughed. " My boy, but you can't get around me that way! "

" I don't want to ' get around ' you, ma'am," he shouted, his temper rising, " but I thought all fresh chickens were killed and plucked at home."

" At home? Ha, ha, ha! Well, go and do so, at *your* home. Then I'll take them! " And with that, the door was slammed in the boys' faces.

Slowly they turned back to their cart. Lewis took the reins up with a brief " Geddup! " but the order was not very convincing, and the old horse stumbled away, taking his time. Lewis looked at Abe.

"Well, Abe?" he inquired.

"Well, Lewis?" answered Abe.

"Let's try at the next place," added Lou. "Mebbe they won't mind them alive there!" But he was mistaken. The woman "there," was not going to accept any "live" fowls; it was Saturday—cleaning day—and she could not be bothered taking time to kill, pluck and draw chickens. She would get some at the butcher's, thank you!

"No, don't do that, ma'am!" Lewis answered quickly. "I'll fix these up. You shall have them this afternoon."

It *was* Saturday morning, and cleaning day, and Lewis' mother was a very busy woman when two very dejected boys appeared at her back door. But mothers will be mothers, and Mrs. Esselstyn was sorry for the lads when she learned what the trouble had been. So it came about that, half an hour later, Lewis and Abe were seated in her immaculate kitchen, with a heap of fresh-killed chickens, plucking, plucking! Then Rose came in and helped, and even little John lent a hand. By noon, two very tired but contented lads were again on their way, the cart behind them loaded with neatly packed bundles—chickens that "had not been on the ice," but chickens dead as a door nail!

But, in spite of all these adventures in the realm of money-making, Lewis did not go to college. After graduating from High School, he taught for several years, then the conviction came to him that God meant him to devote his life to preaching the Gospel to those who sit in darkness, and to make His light shine on those who walk in the shadow of death. After three years at Auburn Seminary, he was accepted by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., and sailed for Persia in 1887. He was not

alone, however, for his bride, a young girl from his home city, accompanied him, as she, too, devoted *her* life to the missionary cause.

II

GO AND PREACH!

PERSIA, the land of the three Wise Men; the land where Mother Eve is said to lie buried; the land where Noah's Ark is still waiting for inspection—at least, the Persians say it is—resting on one of their mountains, in a state of remarkable preservation!

In that land of Persia, did you ever hear of a little village called Yawf-ta-bawd? Of course not, although you may have heard of Teheran, the capital city. Had you been in that village of Yawf-ta-bawd, six miles from Teheran, quite a few years ago, you would have seen a strange sight—more than a hundred Moslems listening to a tall foreigner, a man with a red beard! Had you been from a neighbouring town, you would not have tarried, probably, for in that very place, within the year, a number of men had been killed in a religious quarrel, and you would not have risked being involved in a matter of that sort! But no; though it was a talk on religion, the crowd seemed to listen to the strange man. There he stood in the shadow of a high mud wall. There *they* stood—the villagers; a great many children stark naked, others half-dressed, women with jars on their heads, closely veiled after the fashion of Moslem women, and then the men, most of them wearing the black funnel-shaped hats of the Persians, and long robes flowing, their black eyes intent on the speaker.

Mirza Norallah, a Persian himself though a Christian, stood back of the preacher. He had opened the meeting by reading from the New Testament, and the audience had not said a word. But when Esselstyn, the foreigner, began to tell about Christ's resurrection and the life to come, of the last judgment and how to be ready for it, murmurs of dissent arose from the crowd. "No, no," some of them muttered angrily, for you know, Moslems do not believe in the same kind of future life as we do. They believe that the true follower of Mohammed will go straight to a place where he will "eat, drink, and be merry." No matter what his previous doings have been, as long as he has never forgotten to prostrate himself before Allah (that is, God) five times a day, saying: "There is no God but God and Mohammed is His prophet," as long as he has observed strictly the thirty days of fasting of Ramazan, as long as he has given alms—Paradise will be opened to him.

Esselstyn went on preaching, in spite of protesting voices, but as soon as he ceased, a tall man with the green turban that proclaimed him a descendant of Mohammed, stood up, and with a quick gesture picking up two handfuls of dust, threw it in the air, saying with a loud voice: "May Allah curse you and your teaching. You are not of the true faith. You have come to lead us astray!"

At the insult—the worst a Moslem can offer—a great tumult arose, fists were pushed under the missionary's nose, and voices were heard: "Kill the dog of an infidel!" But Esselstyn raised his hand. Unafraid, with a clear and steady voice, he faced the fanatical crowd.

"Friends," he said, "we have come to do you good, and not harm. We all believe in God. Will you be

still one moment, and I will answer your curse with a blessing. Will you grant Mirza Norallah the privilege of praying, that the God on whose Name we all call, will bless you and show you the truth? "

Quiet was immediately restored, and after the blessing, not a word of protest was uttered. Each went his own way. Some even stopped to say " Come again! "

Preach? Esselstyn certainly did preach, fearlessly, yet never losing his sense of humour.

He preached in the bazaars—that is, the great open places where every Persian buys, and sells, and . . . talks.

One afternoon, in one of the bazaars, he came across some camel-drivers, and began to speak. But he could not get their attention. In the midst of a sentence, he would be interrupted by some trivial question. His personal appearance struck his audience as a good joke, and they would pass remarks on his collar, on his shoes, on his watch, on his bald head, on his red beard. One of these men suddenly spied a big safety-pin, about six inches long, hanging from the missionary's lapel. Perhaps that would have struck you as being funny, too! Immediately, the question was hurled: " What's that for? "—" I'll show you," answered Esselstyn. " Raise your hands above your head." And in no time he had both the man's hands pinioned behind his shoulders with the pin. How the crowd did laugh! " Now," said the missionary quietly, " if you keep still and listen, I shall free you."—" All right," the camel-driver answered, " but don't be too long." And keep still he did, while Esselstyn went on preaching.

Preach? He was in Persia to preach Good News, and he *did*, with great tact and wisdom as well as earnestness.

When on an itinerating tour, when he stopped at any

place, he would always visit the governor first—sometimes wearing kid gloves—" to make an impression," as he put it. Time and again, after sending Esselstyn a present of a sheep in acknowledgment of his call, the governor, or the high official, or the chief " mollah " (that is, priest, of a town), would invite him to dinner, and he would gladly accept. He would probably be asked to come one hour after sunset, and he would then appear, and be ushered into the presence of his host and of five or six other guests—all Moslems, of course. Sometimes, one of the guests would be a descendant of Mohammed—very conspicuous with a green turban the size of a bushel. Sometimes there would be a merchant, sometimes mollahs of high standing. They would begin with the usual greetings. Esselstyn would bow very low, smile, and then say to his host: " Greatness, I am very presuming to come thus into your august presence. Forgive me! "

True Oriental courtesy would prompt the reply: " Command the place! You do us honour! Sit down! "

Then there would be a few more necessary remarks: " I hope that your nose is fat, that your blessed existence is in good state of preservation, that your health is good. May your shadow never grow less, may Allah give you a very long life! " Then would come more bows, and introductions would be in order; then more polite remarks; all would then begin to drink tea and eat sweets.

About ten o'clock, one of the friends would call out in a loud voice to a servant outside, that the guest of honour commanded that dinner be brought. Of course, Esselstyn would not have issued any such order, but such a " lie " is allowable as a Persian politeness. Servants would come in, and spread a great cloth on the carpet, and then bring in great piles of rice. With the

rice would come dishes of dressing for it, then small onions, mint, " koboles "—(a kind of chopped meat and bread), sherbet, curds, bread, and all sorts of sweets and sweet drinks. Before beginning the meal, the host would say solemnly, " In the name of Allah the All-Merciful," and then everybody would fall to. During the dinner, there would be very little talking. Servants came in and out, stepping in among the dishes, on the tablecloth, as necessity required to serve the squatting guests. Everybody would eat with their fingers, rolling their rice into a ball in the palm of their hands, then dipping it, in turn, into the different bowls of dressing. When the meal was over, the host would call out, " The guest of honour commands that things be cleared away," and everything would disappear as by magic. Then warm water and towels would be brought, and the guests would lave and wipe their hands.

On one occasion, dinner being over, the host offered Esselstyn a cigarette.

" No, thank you," he replied, " I am not a smoker. Nor do I drink wine or liquors." There was an astonished murmur.

" That is quite unusual, is it not? " inquired one of the guests.

" Yes," returned Esselstyn, " but for me, it would be wrong, as intoxicants injure the body, and I read in the Bible that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." There he was off again—preaching the Word of God!

Preach? He did! Anywhere, everywhere, at any time! On the roofs of houses, in gardens, in coffee-houses, on the street!

In 1900, he left Teheran with Miss Bartlett, another missionary who was going home on a furlough, taking with her Esselstyn's twelve-year-old daughter, for her

education in America. Esselstyn was to accompany them to Baku on the Black Sea; there they were to take boat, and he was to come back to Teheran preaching on the way. For that purpose, he had also taken with him a native preacher. They started, the four of them, in a big lumber-wagon without springs, drawn by four horses abreast, which were changed at every post station. Bags of straw were the only cushions in the wagon, bags of straw the seats and mattresses, for modes of travel were very primitive, those days, in Persia. Primitive too were the caravanserais or inns where the travelers spent their nights. Fleas! Fleas by the hundreds would assail them, and when fleas were but a secondary preoccupation, mosquitoes would come by the thousands! As Esselstyn wrote home—" they certainly paid their pound of flesh at every place at which they stopped! "

Having seen Miss Bartlett and his daughter off, Esselstyn made up his mind to go home through Talish, one of the wildest parts of Persia. He started with his native preacher, riding through the thick jungles of the land. It was suffocatingly hot. He had not brought his sun-helmet, but suddenly he remembered that he had a small parasol tucked away somewhere in his luggage. This proved a godsend, although he could not help laughing at the queer figure he must cut, one hand on the reins, the other holding on to the sunshade. But the men the little party met did not smile. They were a fierce-looking lot, and Esselstyn had great trouble finding a guide, the country being, at the time, at the height of religious civil war. The two sects of Mohammedans—the Sunnies and the Sheahs—were at sword's point, and the roads were most unsafe. At one village the travelers were taken as spies of the Sunnies, at the next, they were arrested as spies of the

Sheahs! They were told that life was dirt cheap—that they would surely be killed if they tried to go on. One afternoon, they came to a clearing in the forest—where a little inn stood, and there they were at last received hospitably, although the bill of fare was of the simplest —a kind of black gruel. " I have a crop of cucumbers but I don't dare give you any," the innkeeper said. " I have them hidden in my cellar against winter famine. Nowadays, man kills man for a cucumber! "

A little bit further on this journey, the travelers came at dusk to a village where they hoped to pass the night. As they knocked at one door after another, they were received with curses. The horses were tired, Esselstyn and his friend faint, having had nothing but a piece of black bread to eat since morning; yet it seemed as if they would have to camp out in the forest, to be eaten up by flies and mosquitoes, and consumed by hunger. Their guide had left them earlier in the day, too scared to accompany them further. At last, they found a man human enough to let them stay a while. The supper was again black bread softened in water. The men all sat and lounged around the smoke of the fire, to keep off the mosquitoes. When twelve o'clock came, the host told Esselstyn he dared not let him stay longer. Then it was that the missionary yielded to circumstances, and decided to go back to the main road of travel to Teheran. But through the black night— how were they to find their way? Their host, while unwilling to guide them further, was quite willing to guide them back. Taking a lamp in hand, he led the way through the dense forest. Just at dawn, as they were fording a knee-deep stream, Esselstyn found himself dumped off in the middle of it, his horse having a mean trick of lying down to try and get him off his back.

That same afternoon, they again passed by the inn in the clearing where they had stopped not long before. No one answered their call, and on entering they found the innkeeper murdered—for his cucumbers, probably. But it was no time to tarry, and the travelers sorrowfully pursued their way, their hearts full of pity for those who there, more than anywhere else apparently, were sitting in darkness and walking in the shadow of death.

Sometimes, on preaching tours, Esselstyn would take his little son Spencer along. He often found that the presence of the child was a help. The father-heart is the same everywhere, and Persian fathers are no exception. As to Spencer, he never complained, for he was a good sport. Even when at inns, they were eaten up by fleas, he would joke about it. He loved to play with the boys in the villages where they stopped, and in the twilight, they would have great games of hide-and-seek. But what he loved best was to camp out all night, in a yard, or in a garden, under the clear sky, with the horses whinnying close by, and the chickens roosting all around, and perhaps a pair of storks silhouetted against the evening sky, above the corner of an old mud wall.

On one such itinerating journey, Esselstyn, Spencer, and a Mr. Jordan, a fellow-missionary, came to a village called Feroozabad, and though they were invited to stop at a coffee-house, they declined with thanks. The two preceding nights, at coffee-houses, they had been eaten up by fleas, and so they thought it would be best this time, to have the comfort of unbroken slumber, and sleep in the open. Then, a garden was offered them as a resting place, and they accepted gladly. This garden was large and surrounded by a wall twelve feet high. There was only one entrance, situated (fortu-

nately, as we shall see) on the Teheran side of the village. Two big leaves of the heavy door did not shut together perfectly, and there was a hole in one of them, through which the lock could easily be handled from the outside; but the garden was very pleasant, and the travelers were very much pleased.

In the afternoon, just as Esselstyn finished preaching to a group of men, little Spencer came up, very excitedly.

" Daddy," he said, " I've been preaching too." Then he related to his father how some of the villagers had asked him questions about his religion, and he had answered them and talked to them, telling them the story of Jesus, " *his* " prophet, as he put it. " Come, Daddy," he went on, " some of them invited us to call on the Sayeed." The Sayeed was the chief mollah or priest.

Forth they sallied, and soon came to the mollah's house, but found the mollah not home. " You passed him on your way here," said his servant. " There he is, sitting under that tree."

The priest received them with smiles, and by the time the usual greetings had been exchanged, fifty or sixty villagers stood around the bench where they sat. Esselstyn read from the Gospels, and talked. He was just finishing the account of the Crucifixion when the mollah laid his heavy hand abruptly upon the open page, and, closing the book, exclaimed angrily: " This is not profitable! "

" You have a right to your opinion, Sayeed," Esselstyn answered, " and I shall respect your wishes, and not read or talk any more. But I am your guest, and I called on you by invitation, so that your conduct in closing my book was rude, and not such as one expects from a Persian host."

" You are not my guest," the mollah replied angrily,

" but my prisoner. In the morning you shall go under guard to Teheran, where I shall deliver you with my complaint in the hands of the mollahs there, as you have no permission from the government to preach in this province."

" I shall then bid you good-bye," said Esselstyn, rising, " but you will not need to send us to Teheran under guard. We intend to follow out our plans and that means going there ourselves. Meanwhile, seeing that you do not wish it, I shall preach no more in your village. I am sorry to have offended you."

The missionaries had not gone fifty yards before a number of men overtook them. " The Sayeed says you are to come back and spend the night as prisoners in his house," they said, and one of them laid a heavy hand on Jordan's shoulder. Jordan was on the point of knocking the man down; fortunately, however, he controlled himself. He, Esselstyn and Spencer were led back to the mollah, whom Esselstyn addressed in polite tones: " Your Honour," he said, " when you consider who we are, you will at once see it is not fitting as a gentleman of your exalted rank, for you to treat us as you threaten. The Prime Minister is my friend. The great Mooj-tahid a Shake Hodie our neighbour, the Fakel-Islam, the chief mollah of your exalted country, has been a guest in my house. We are on equality terms with all the foreign legations."

Turning to the villagers who were looking on with threatening looks, he continued: " Your Sayeed says I am not one of Allah's favoured ones. But I shall show him a sign of God's favour. To look like your prophet Mohammed, Sayeed, you dye your beard red. I need not dye mine! Allah himself gave me a red beard. Again, your rank of priesthood is further revealed by your cropping your hair close. I do not need to shave

my hair. Look, God has also done *that* for me," he concluded; taking off his hat, he disclosed his bald head, shining in the sunset glow.

A roar of laughter rose from the villagers; they were quick to appreciate the joke. " Come, Sayeed," Esselstyn continued, " take my advice, and be courteous, and do not trouble us. Come to my house in Teheran, and let me show you how I can act the part of host. Permit me to stay to-night in the garden, and go on our way to-morrow morning."

At this the mollah arose, and drawing some friends aside, talked to them for a short while in low tones. Then he turned to Esselstyn. " Very good," he said, smiling and bowing, " it shall be as you wish," and let the Christians go.

They reached the garden at dusk, and once inside the gate, Esselstyn made sure that his party were all there —the cook ready to prepare the supper, the muleteer with the two mules that carried the baggage, the groom ready to take care of the horses. Then when they had had their evening meal, and Spencer had fallen asleep, there was a loud knock at the door. The groom went to open, and who should come in but the Sayeed, another mollah, and twenty of their friends. With bows, and smiles, and greetings they entered, and announced that they were come to return the call. There was no reference to the previous unpleasantness, and the visit progressed very agreeably. Some of the guests, however, repeatedly asked religious questions. But Esselstyn and his fellow-missionary were not to be caught napping! Each time they answered that religious discussion had been forbidden by the honourable Sayeed, therefore they could not engage in it. " But when you come to see us in the city," Esselstyn added, " *then* we shall answer your questions! "

The visitors stayed about an hour, and then departed with the usual expressions of good-will. The groom accompanied them to the door, and reported that the man who owned the garden had gone with them, taking the key with him, saying that he would be back soon. There were Esselstyn and his party, locked in! Realizing their plight, Esselstyn kept watch all night, and a light burning. At three o'clock he woke his men and all made ready to go. The horses were fed, and breakfast prepared. After breakfast, the missionaries examined the wall, but found it to be high and new. There was no break in it, so it was no use trying to escape that way! They looked at the door: the fastening was a very heavy hasp and padlock. Suddenly, Esselstyn remembered a strong iron pin which he used occasionally to pound into the ground, to hold a candle. This he took and inserted it behind the lock's staple. Using it as a lever, he tugged and twisted, hoping the staple would break. With a loud snap, it finally did. They were free! Losing no time, Esselstyn, Spencer, and Jordan jumped on their horses. The cook, the groom and the muleteer were to follow as soon as they had put the place in order. Before leaving, Esselstyn gave the cook a *toman* (a dollar) to pay the owner of the garden for a new lock.

No sooner had the three horsemen turned the corner —Esselstyn bringing up the rear " with a strong arm and a long whip "—than two men appeared at the garden, heavily armed. The groom opened the door with fear and trembling, and before he could close it again, the two men forced their way in, loudly demanding that the foreigners come with them to the Sayeed. On learning that they had escaped, one of them hurried away with the news, while the other stayed to keep guard over the groom, the cook, the muleteer and the

mules, which were to be kept as hostages! The man on guard examined the lock, and, seeing the broken staple, exclaimed: "That will cost somebody a *toman!*" Then the cook had a brilliant idea, and said, "If you will let us go, here is a *toman;* you can have it!" The sight of one dollar's worth of silver fascinated the guard, and away galloped the cook, groom, muleteer and the mules—reaching Teheran an hour after the rest of the party.

Such were some of Esselstyn's adventures in Persia, but the most daring—the move to Meshed—had yet to come.

III

ON TO MESHED

ON to Meshed! Does that bring to your mind armies marching, flags waving, bands playing, battles fought and won? But no; the scene which we now look upon is very different. A dusty road under the broiling sun, and hundreds walking thereon, not marching, but trailing wearily along; not regiments parading by on splendid chargers, but caravans, or canvas-topped carts drawn by mules, or tired horses; not soldiers, but pilgrims—not all strong, swarthy men, but most of them old, halt, maimed or blind; not bent on conquest, but on getting to the shrine where Imam Riza, one of the descendants of Mohammed, a Moslem saint, lies buried in a wonderful temple, the gold dome of which can be seen from afar.

To those who reach the holy place, a great many promises are made—healing for the sick, Paradise to the faithful. On,—and on, they come each year, to

bow before the tomb. Among the crowds of worshippers, on the road to the shrine, in 1911, you would have found one lone Christian—Dr. Lewis Esselstyn. Once before, twenty years earlier, he had taken that long journey of six hundred miles, but defeat had forced him back to Teheran, for he had been mobbed by a fanatical crowd and only rescued just in time by the British Consul. Undaunted by this failure, however, his one dream had been one day to go back and settle, where he had almost lost his life. Every year he had watched the long line of pilgrims on their way to Meshed, and every year he had resolved he would conquer.

" Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble! " He knew that it would indeed be that if he went back, but back he felt he must go, for was not Meshed, besides a sacred city of Islam, the gateway to Afghanistan—Afghanistan the forbidden land where no Christian had as yet dared to enter?

" Start Christian work in Meshed? " Colonel Sykes, the British Consul, had exclaimed; " no, sir, not while I am alive. You made trouble enough for us when we got you away from the mob, twenty years ago! "

" Oh, but that was twenty years ago," Esselstyn had replied; " this time, I am going to stay! "

He made preparations, and finally started, along with his household goods, packed in three lumber-wagons without springs, with canvas coverings over the top. At the end of a month, he found himself back in Meshed. Then he looked around for a place to stay. After many inquiries, he found a house for rent, just opposite police headquarters, and moved in. The place was newer and cleaner than any of the others he had seen; there were only a few cobwebs hanging from the walls, bedbugs did not peep at him from every crack

of the wall-paper, and cockroaches did not scamper away, right under his nose.

So now he started his work. He would be away all day, going about selling Bibles and Gospels, preaching all along the roads, the streets and the bazaars of the city and the neighbouring villages. Sometimes he would stay late at a caravanserai, talking to travelers who happened along. Then he would come home, tired out, wondering when the seed he was sowing would bear fruit. At times, he would feel darkly discouraged! Back at his headquarters, there was none to greet him, for he had sent his wife and children home to America before attempting to come to Meshed. He knew the move was dangerous, and did not want to risk their lives with his. Yet, how he missed them now! No friendly smile waiting for him at the end of a tiring day, no fire in the hearth, no water-kettle singing away on the fireplace ready for his tea. No, in spite of his fatigue, he would have to do everything himself; then he would settle down to find new strength in prayer, and in reading the Word of God.

But hark! What was that groaning he suddenly heard? Startled, he stood up, and the groan was repeated—a groan as of a soul in torment, then an awful shriek! Ah, he remembered now! Across the way, were the police headquarters, and there they were beating or torturing prisoners—making them confess crimes, perhaps even uncommitted ones. Through whole nights Esselstyn would hear the dreadful sounds, and, his head sunk deep in his hands, he would pray for the tortured bodies and the tortured souls, himself quivering at every unearthly scream, and yearning for the morning.

Still he held on, and soon he was a well-known character in the city, where the crowds left him in peace. They spoke of him as the old man with the long red

beard, the bookseller. Often he stood at the entrance of the "shrine area," by the big chain beyond which "dogs of infidels"—the Christians—were not allowed, and there, within sight of the gold dome and the two blue tile roofs of the sacred tomb of Imam Riza, he sold sometimes as many as eighty copies of the Scriptures. Such was his tact and discretion that he became popular with the Persian officials also; they returned his calls and had long talks with him.

Then Mirza Ali Akbar came to help him in his work. Mirza was a Christian, a convert from Islam, and his presence roused the anger and fanaticism of the people to a high degree. What! One of their own faith who had turned, who had forsaken Mohammed for Christ! That must not—should not be! They would show him that even if they could tolerate a foreigner in their midst, they would not allow a renegade to preach to them! Why! other good Mohammedans might do the same and turn against their priests! One day, led by these priests, the mob fell upon Mirza and stoned him. They left him for dead in the street, but the next day he was at work again, fearlessly preaching again to his own people. He and Esselstyn worked on.

Political trouble now arose. For years and years, Russia and England had been striving as to who should have the upper hand in Persia, and each nation watched jealously for an opportunity to get a foothold in Meshed. Taking advantage of the spirit of unrest occasioned by two Persian parties quarreling all the time, Russia decided to set up a garrison of her own soldiers, to keep the peace. Two thousand of her soldiers came tramping into the city, with their officers, horses, and big guns. Having to billet somewhere, they took possession of one whole section of the town, and turning the people out of their homes, occupied them.

Of course the Persians resented this, and the mosque became a centre of opposition. All day long the mollahs preached to the crowds, encouraging them to set fire to the government buildings, because the government was friendly to the Russians. Meantime, while the different factions wrangled within the city, the roads leading into Meshed were infested by robbers who pillaged and murdered. Some of the bandit chiefs even came to the gold-domed shrine where they were sure of protection by the mollahs, and talked to the people there.

The city, at night, was in total darkness, for the man in charge of lighting the streets received no money from the government for the petroleum burned in the street lamps. No money—hence no lights. No one was safe in the daytime, less so at night, and under cover of darkness, shops and bazaars were looted, murders committed in the very heart of Meshed.

Finally the Russians took official possession of the city, and to subdue the mob within the mosque and the "shrine area," placed guns pointing at it. The Mohammedans thus threatened, made it known that if one Russian should set foot within their sacred shrine, there would be a "holy war"—meaning by that a massacre of all foreigners. At night, three thousand men from neighbouring villages came with all sorts of weapons, guns, pistols, picks, shovels and sticks, and they began to fortify the mosque. These staunch villagers wore their grave-clothes, proclaiming thereby their intent to fight to death.

Meanwhile, Esselstyn went on working. The people were still friendly to him and accepted his preaching without a word of protest. At about this time, he got acquainted with the official representative in Persia of the Ameer of Afghanistan. As you see, he still had an

eye on his objective—that land to the East where no foreigner had been allowed to enter! Many Afghan merchants dwelling in Meshed also received his calls, and through their friendship, he hoped some day to venture into their forbidden land.

As he was finishing a letter home, one afternoon, he heard a tremendous crash. The house shook, some window-panes came shattering down. The Russians were shelling the Mosque! It was true, and that same evening, an invitation came from the Russian general to accompany him inside the sacred shrine which had been conquered with blood. "No," Esselstyn replied, "the Persians have not invited me in. I shall wait until the invitation comes from them!" He knew how the Persians felt at the desecration of their great holy tomb by "infidels," and he refused to trample their feelings under foot. Immediately, his refusal was known all over the city, and during the years that followed, never was there a more popular man: Mohammedans who had looked upon his presence with hostility became kind and courteous, and many even came to inquire about his religion.

Did you ever hear of "doors of opportunity"? Esselstyn in coming to Meshed had opened a small crack in one of them, and now he was ready to push it open a little wider. In every letter written home he pleaded that a doctor might be sent to coöperate in the evangelical work. "If only we had a hospital! How much good could we do! How many more souls could we save! The people themselves are ready. Send us a doctor; *send us a doctor;* SEND US A DOCTOR!"

And finally his plea was granted. Not only was a doctor and his wife sent, but also another minister to help in the evangelistic work. These three new recruits came the same way Dr. Esselstyn had, in a slow, lumber-

ing prairie-schooner, over roads infested by robbers and in terrible need of repair. They had put their trunks and boxes into the wagon first, then a bed spring on top and a mattress on top of that. There, on top of the mattress, they rode or rolled, and many a time a jolt or a sudden lurch would throw them against the top-covering. Once, without any warning, the heavy cart toppled over, and you can imagine the jumble and tumble! Luckily, nobody was hurt, but after that, at every jar, at every rough spot safely gotten over, the missionaries breathed a prayer of thanksgiving!

On Thanksgiving Day, the little party arrived at the border of the province the capital of which is Meshed, and there Esselstyn was waiting for them. But he was not alone. The fact that a foreign doctor was coming had spread all over the countryside, and the halt, the crippled, the blind, the sick " around him lay." Dr. Cook, the new missionary doctor, and his friends, seeing the " multitude, had compassion on them " and decided to stay a week or so before moving on to their new station. A cot was used as an operating table, and work was begun in two upper rooms. One of the first patients was an old blind shepherd. " Cataracts, that will be easy," said Dr. Cook as he examined him, and he immediately proceeded to remove the film which covers the eyes of such sufferers. For some time after the operation, the old man lay on the adjoining roof, basking in the sunshine, and then his little grandson who had come with him, led him back to the caravan-serai, where he was to stay until he got well, coming every day for treatment.

A few days afterward, as Dr. Cook was busily examining patients, he heard the " thump, thump " of a stick upon the roof near by, and looking up, beheld the shepherd approaching, his two eyes fixed clearly

ahead. Timidly, he advanced and held out his hand, palm upward. Two *tomans* lay in it.

"Take them, Sahib," he said, "with thanks to God, I beg to give you this."—"But no," said Dr. Cook, "no, uncle, you need these two dollars. There is no charge for my services." But the old Mohammedan's face fell.

"You did Allah's work for me," he returned; "use this in Allah's work for others." And Dr. Cook did.

In twelve days, five hundred patients were treated, and with each patient, Dr. Esselstyn seized his opportunity of preaching the Gospel. Then the party moved on to Meshed.

The medical work took the city by storm. As soon as posters were distributed, announcing the opening of the American Hospital, patients began to come. At the end of two years, it was found that except for the doctor's salary and the rent of the building, the Persians themselves were contributing all running expenses. Christian work, in both its phases, healing of bodies and healing of souls, had come to Meshed to stay. Year after year Dr. Esselstyn was urged to take his furlough, long overdue. "Come home and rest," his family wrote. "Come home and rest," his friends pleaded. But no, the door of opportunity was opening wider and wider, and he felt he must stay at his post. "When the work will be a little more advanced, then I shall come home," he answered.

Then came 1918, the year of the great famine in Persia. For twenty-one months it never rained, the crops failed, and the people were starving. More and more patients who came to the hospital were dying of starvation. "What shall we do?" asked the missionaries when hundreds besieged their door. It was then that a fund was started with money given by English,

Belgian and Russian friends, and the people were fed for a while. But still others came, and others still. There seemed to be no end, and the fund was exhausted! " What shall we do? " asked the missionaries again, and they telegraphed the need to the people at home in America. The answer came promptly—$5,000.00 were sent.

Soon fifteen hundred men, women and children stood in line each day at the hospital door. Oh, that line of thin, gaunt skeletons waiting from dawn till sunset for their " daily bread "—and still they came, and still they waited in the damp, chilly weather for the one " slab " of bread and a bowl of soup. The street was packed for blocks and blocks. Only a few at a time were let into the courtyard. There they were seated on the ground and the missionaries and their helpers would give them their food. " Sahib, I'm still hungry, one more bowl, please, Sahib! " and a child would tug at Esselstyn's coat, and plead and plead and tease for " just one more little sip." But no, the others, what about the others? And the plea of the hungry little one had to be refused.

Rain came at last. Rain? Too late! An awful epidemic of typhus swept the land. Not only did the hospital have to feed the starving but take in the sick. The missionaries were rushed every minute, night and day, but still they " carried on." Every Sunday, Dr. Esselstyn still preached in the little church, after preaching every day through his example, moving among the sick, exhorting, comforting. One Sunday morning, to his great surprise, the church was packed; it could not hold the crowds; instead of the one or two hundred regular worshippers, more than a thousand had gathered. One of the converts, a young man who had been a Mohammedan, had spoken to those who had been fed.

It was not Thanksgiving Day, but it was the greatest Thanksgiving service ever held: a thousand people,—most of them Mohammedans, giving praise to God for having saved their lives, for having sent them food through His Christian servants.

A few days afterward, however, consternation reigned, for the news spread that Dr. Hoffman, the hospital doctor, and the beloved minister, Dr. Esselstyn, had both been taken ill; the dreaded typhus, which daily exacted a heavy toll of men, women and children, had laid them low. Slowly, very slowly, Dr. Hoffman recovered, but when, well at last, he asked for his devoted co-worker, he learned that he had passed away. After ten days of illness, Dr. Esselstyn had gone to his reward, and his last words had been: " Feed the people yet a while! "

" Feed my sheep! " Jesus' words echo down through the centuries. Who, like Dr. Esselstyn, will heed the command, and feed His sheep, not with bread alone, but with the Word of God?

BARBROOKE GRUBB OF SOUTH AMERICA

BARBROOKE GRUBB OF SOUTH AMERICA

I

THE MAN WHO KNEW NOT FEAR

"WHAT! You are going to the Chaco? Then good-bye, friend; we won't see you again! "

" But I expect to come out alive."

" Oh, but of course you won't! "

And the man to whom Barbrooke Grubb was speaking moved away, shrugging his shoulders in a hopeless way.

" That man's crazy," he explained to other travelers on board the river steamer. " Another one of those missionaries with their queer notions! Why, just think! He says he is going across there! "

He pointed to the dense forest on the left bank of the river Paraguay. " And he's going without an escort of soldiers," he continued, " without even a gun! Well, all I can say is that we shall be having some Indian-missionary stew pretty soon." With that coarse joke, he dismissed the subject!

Meanwhile, Barbrooke Grubb, the young missionary to the Chaco Indians, was looking intently across into that mysterious country where he was to live and work. He had been told to go and make friends with the wild tribes of that wild land; so he was on his way. Well he knew the stories about it. It was said that the Indians used the skulls of their enemies as drinking-cups; it was said that they burned the soles of their captives' feet to prevent escape; it was said that they lived like

animals; it was even said that there was a horned tribe —men with a horn growing out from the top of their foreheads! Foreigners who had gone to explore the land had not come back alive—or otherwise. The forests and swamps and the grass land seemed to have swallowed up all traces of them: some had been murdered, of course, others had died of want and exposure.

But Barbrooke Grubb, the young Englishman, knew that all those who had so far dared to enter the Chaco had been armed, had been escorted by soldiers, had not spoken the language of the people, had inspired distrust in the hearts of the Indians. He, however, was to go as the messenger of the Gospel. He had acquired a few words of the language, was going without a gun, without even food for the journey, and was going to trust the Indians. With God's help, too, he was going to make them trust *him*. With a bold front and a steady stride he left the river steamer at a small post, and disappeared into the wilderness, on his way to the village of the great war-chief, Yahoyispuk (Stork-neck).

Away inland, in their village, the Indians are waiting for him. " Where *is* that village? " you ask. *This* is the village—two rows of huts, or rather, rude shelters of grass, built of boughs of trees fixed into the ground, with palm-leaf mats thrown over them as a poor protection against the sun, as an even poorer protection against the rains. The sun, after scorching the plain for a whole day with its fierce, blazing rays, is sinking at last, and its setting is welcome. The flies, which, since dawn, have been buzzing in swarms around the goats, the children, the women, and the men, are now giving way to the mosquitoes, and the men as they squat in a circle, are constantly, but in vain, trying to drive them away. The women are busy at household work,

some are cooking the evening food at open fires, others are spinning, others are weaving blankets for their men, others are way down by the river, getting their water-supply. The river is a small and sluggish stream, with banks overgrown with weeds and bulrushes; in the narrow stretch of running water out in the middle, you can see dead wood floating down—dead wood . . . or sleeping alligators. From the swamp on the other shore comes the croaking of frogs. Dogs are prowling about the camp—wild dogs that fight incessantly between themselves, and bark fiercely at the approach of strangers.

Hark! They are barking now, and the old men of the village sit up at attention. He is coming—the white man—who, reports say, comes alone!

He came, the tall missionary to the Indians, and, at once, they were impressed by his height. But, after the first salutations, some of the chiefs began to giggle.

"Look at that hair above his lip," they murmured to each other. "He lets it grow like a dog's! He is not man enough to have it pulled out. He must be afraid of pain."

The white man, however, did not act as if he were afraid of anything.

"Here," he said, turning to a youth, "get me wood for my fire, then light it for me." Pointing to another, he continued: "Prepare me a shelter, for I shall stay the night."

Then he went the rounds of the encampment, choosing a piece of pumpkin here and there, and a few potatoes. These he handed to a woman, to be cooked. Returning to the circle of the chiefs, he addressed a young boy: "Pull off my boots!" And the boy did. Once the boots were off, however, another giggle went around the Indians.

"Look at those feet!" they sneered. "How can he walk? They look as tender as a baby's!"

But the men around the fire were more serious.

"He certainly does not look afraid of us! He would not be so rude! He must possess some unearthly power. Perhaps he is a witch-doctor, or a chief in his own country. He has not even brought gifts for us, and yet he has no weapon. He looks strong. We might as well be friends." Whereupon Yahoyispuk, the war-chief, passed Barbrooke Grubb the pipe of peace!

Thus it was that the first step was taken toward the building of a Christian church in the Chaco.

A few months afterward, while the young Englishman was still exploring the country, looking for a favourable place to choose as a mission centre, bad news came to him. A party of Indians had attacked a trader's post on the river Paraguay, and looted it, after which feat they had retired inland, threatening worse happenings if they were followed. Without a moment's hesitation, Barbrooke Grubb made up his mind to do an extraordinary thing. He went to see the representative of the company, former owner of the stolen goods.

"I am going to follow up the thieves, and make them bring restitution," he announced; "if not restitution, then compensation."

The other man laughed. "Why, my dear fellow," he said, "are you crazy? You are looking for trouble! You will never come back if you attempt such a reckless thing, and the future of your work, the foundations of which you have laid with such tact and wisdom, will be endangered—ruined!"

"No," replied Grubb, "the future will be more endangered if the deed goes unnoticed, unpunished."

Then he set out, on foot, to an Indian encampment about six miles inland. As he walked, he became im-

mersed in thought: "I know this is dangerous, but I have no choice," he said to himself. "If the Indians who have looted the post are not brought to see the error of their ways, they will behave toward me and the mission station, in future days, just as they have toward the trading company. When they want something, they will take it if they think they can get away with it. They *must* be made to pay."

Arrived at the encampment, he met an old Indian who owned a horse.

"Take me on your horse, Brother," said Grubb. "I want to go to the village of the thieves."

"No," replied the other, "I should then be killed. They are a bad lot over there."

"Nothing of the sort," Grubb answered, "I shall see to it that you are not. If you take me along and show me the way, I shall give you a reward—this pair of cotton trousers."

Before the man's enraptured gaze, he displayed a new pair of white duck trousers, still stamped with the trademark of the maker—a red lion! It was too much for the Indian. He agreed, and the missionary found himself riding bareback behind the old man.

At the village of the thieves, the tribe was waiting for the white man, but, to their great astonishment, again he appeared without a gun—only with words! But what words! With words he attacked them, with words he made them wince!

The Indians are very jealous between different tribes, and the Indians of Neantamama had been hoping that theirs would be the honour of having the white "witch-doctor" settling among them.

"No," Barbrooke Grubb now told them, "I cannot throw in my lot with thieves. I shall settle among your rivals up north. You are known now as sneaking foxes.

Everybody will think I am a thief, too, if I cast my lot with thieves."

At this, their anger aroused, some of the men seized their bows and arrows and aimed at Grubb.

"No one shall insult us thus and go away alive. You are forgetting," they said, "that you are alone, that we are many."

"I only told you the truth. I am not afraid," answered the white man. "Six months ago, I made my way alone to the village of your war-chief. And," turning to one of them, "do you remember that, some time since you pushed the point of your arrow against my chest? I laughed at you. Which of us was most afraid then?"

A light titter ran through the group, and the chief to whom the remark was made clearly showed that he did not like to be reminded of the incident.

"Well, come," he ventured, "let us reason this thing out. Sit down and we shall discuss it with you."

So, many were the words that followed, but by nightfall they were agreed: the Indians were to repay the full value of the stolen goods in skins and feathers.

"But *you* shall come with us to the river Paraguay," they insisted. "*You* will be our interpreter, and then you shall come back and live with us."

"Yes, until I build a bigger village for you and others too," answered Grubb; "just now anyway, I shall stay with you while you get the skins and feathers."

Well he knew that if he was not with them till the amount due was collected, he might have to wait till doomsday for their payment of the theft! As it was, it did not take the hunters long to gather what was needed, and a proud missionary it was indeed who came down with them to pay the company back.

Then he returned to Neantamama. The first step

he took there was to have a hut built for him, put up according to native regulations. It was a strange-looking affair. The walls were of palm-logs and sticks, with grass in between, the roof was of thatch, there were no windows—just an opening without a door for the entrance, and a bush stuck into it as a protection against dogs. You would have laughed at the furniture—a table made of deerskin stretched over four palm stumps and—a chair (!) of two palm-stems fixed on two uprights! The bed was a sheepskin on the floor. Indian net-bags, slung from the rafters, took the place of shelves and closets.

One night, just as Barbrooke Grubb had secured a strip of cow's meat for the next week's provisions, and hung it to the beams, he was awakened by a very slight scratching noise. It was very dark—no chance to see, but a good chance to hear. So he listened. At first he thought it must be a dog, and was about to go to sleep again, when the noise was repeated on the ground very close to him. Some one was trying to creep through the grass matting of the wall. Loosening his mosquito net he shot his hand out and—grasped a man's back hair! At that moment, the moon, coming out from behind the clouds, revealed a naked Indian whom Grubb was pinning firmly down.

" Who are you, my friend? " he inquired.

" Grunt, grunt! "

" What's that? " Grubb repeated.

In spite of the muffled sounds, however, he finally made out that it was " Alligator Stomach "—a greedy and worthless member of the tribe.

" Well, Alligator Stomach, what did you want? "

" Oh, I thought I heard dogs near your hut, and fearing lest they should steal your new strip of meat, I came to drive them out! "

" H'm, h'm," said the white man. " So you took the trouble of breaking through the wall, instead of coming through the door! In my opinion, *you* are the dog."

Pushing him roughly back through the hole, he disposed of his visitor.

Such things did happen in the early years, and also worse ones than that, as the following incident will show.

The chief's child fell sick, and, of course, Barbrooke Grubb was called. A few days previous, he had healed an old woman of fever, with some grains of quinine, and had acquired, through this one act, the reputation of being a doctor. But when he saw the little baby, he turned sadly to the father.

" I can't do anything," he said, " the child is dying of pneumonia, and it is too far advanced for me to stem the tide," and before night, the baby died.

" You did it on purpose," the father broke out to the missionary; " you did not want to heal him. You gave him no medicine, that is the proof of it." In spite of all reasonings, all arguments, Barbrooke Grubb knew the chief held him responsible.

A short while later, one day that the missionary, as he often did, had left his kettle on the fire for the water to boil for tea, on his return, he happened to raise the lid—a thing he never did, for he always poured the water right out into his cup, without looking in. But, this time, to his great surprise, on raising the lid, he saw the leaves of some plant floating among the bubbles.

" That's strange," he thought, and somehow, he immediately thought of the grudge the chief bore him. Pouring out the contents of the kettle on the ground, he again found several of the same leaves at the bottom of the pot. With them in his hand, he questioned a few friends. They looked surprised, said nobody had

been near his fire while he was gone, they knew nothing about it, did not even know the name of the plant. But the white man had his own suspicions, so, cleaning and refilling the kettle, he stood by till the water boiled, and thus he drank his tea at ease. A few days afterward, he learned that the strange leaves were exceedingly poisonous, and that the witch-doctors used them frequently!

Once again his life was in danger during his stay at Neantamama, but nobody was to blame. The season was very dry, and, one night, some sparks from a neighbouring fire, set his hut aflame. He had just time to step out, shouting to the people, as he did so, to stand way back, as there was a box of powder which was bound to explode. But, to his surprise, before any one could stop her, an old woman ran forward, and within a few seconds, just a few moments before the hut fell in, emerged again from the smoke, carrying the box which she placed at a safe distance. Everything Grubb owned was burned—clothes, boots, watch, all his belongings, so that for a whole month, until a new supply could come from across the river Paraguay, he lived entirely Indian style, wrapped in a blanket. The chiefs, delighted with his appearance, added a few necklaces, an ostrich feather head-dress, and honoured him with a new nickname, " The Dandy "!

It was arrayed in this fashion that he founded the new station at Thlagmasinkinmith—which means, " the place of many wood-ticks! "

II

THE MAN WHO FOUGHT GHOSTS

GHOSTS? Why, the air was full of them! One afternoon, Barbrooke Grubb was sleeping in his hut; everything was very still, not an Indian was stirring, as it was *siesta* time, and they had all, as is their custom, retired to rest during the broiling heat of the day. Suddenly, the white man sat up—some one had struck his thigh; he had felt a sharp blow! But no one was near, not a soul was in sight, and the missionary looked at the bruised spot: a red mark, as of an open palm, assured him that it was not a dream. Puzzled, he got up and went out; later in the day, he made inquiries, thinking that surely one of the Indians had played a trick on him. But no, they all assured him no one had approached his hut, and they all looked grave.

" A devil struck you on the leg," they whispered, very much awe-stricken, " you'd better beware! "

Another time, toward sunset, the Indians at the mission station were all seated in a circle, waiting for some friends, and when these appeared from the forest, they were white with fear.

" We had to go through the Pass," they explained, and immediately, every one shuddered. The Pass was a place where a famous witch-doctor had died of snake-bite and every one knew that his spirit haunted his grave and the neighbouring jungle.

" As we went through," the Indians whispered, " we felt blows on our backs. An invisible hand even snatched his bag away from one of us. It was thrown to the ground. Oh, we heard such strange sounds, and

on the swamp, there appeared a light as if some one was there to lead us astray. Luckily, we knew the old path well, and it was still light enough to follow it."

Still another time, a thing stranger yet happened, as Barbrooke Grubb was spending the night in an abandoned hut, with five Indians who had accompanied him on a journey. He was awakened out of a sound sleep by one of his men shaking him.

"Listen, oh, listen!" the man said earnestly.

Grubb sat up, and, not far from the hut, he heard the familiar sound as of an Indian blowing up the embers of a fire with a palm-leaf fan. He was starting up, to find out who had arrived, when his men held him back.

"It is the ghost of the man whose bones you found up the river," he whispered in terror, "and which you made us bury yesterday. Don't you go out! He will kill you."

"Never mind," the white man answered, "you know I don't believe in ghosts."

After vainly trying to reassure his friends, he went out.

The night was pitch-dark, not a leaf was stirring, the fire was dead, and nobody was in sight,—but yet the strange sound continued. The missionary called out loudly—no one answered. Knowing that there was probably a very natural cause for it all, Grubb went back to the hut and fell fast asleep, undisturbed till morning, while the poor Indians sat sleepless the whole night through, huddled together in a corner, thinking that at any moment they might see the face of the dead man peering through the walls. Many days afterward, Barbrooke Grubb found out that two branches of a certain tree, when rubbing together, made the same sound as that of a palm-leaf fan.

Such occurrences as these just told were frequent in

the Chaco, and in time, the white man found natural causes to them all, but the Indians, being very ignorant, could not understand, and it was only very slowly that Christianity tore down their superstitious beliefs. Many a time the missionary was called upon to fight ghosts. Once, the mother of a small infant died, and, as the custom of the tribe prescribed, the child was to be buried with its mother. But the child, a little girl, was three months old, and the child was very much alive! Alive, and kicking too!

Barbrooke Grubb's anger was thoroughly aroused.

"What!" he cried, "you're going to bury the baby alive?"

"Yes," the father answered.

"No, you're not either," replied the white man, "as long as I am alive, the child will live. I shall take care of it!" And he tried to get the baby from the Indian.

"No, no," the latter fought back. "No, you cannot. The spirit of its mother will be angry. She wants it with her. You cannot fight the dead."

"But I *can* fight the living," cried Grubb, "and fight I will. If you bury this child alive," he continued, "I shall no longer stay with you. I shall leave the country, for I shall not live among murderers like you."

"You are a stranger. You have no right to interfere with our customs," replied the Indians.

More hot words followed, and more struggles. It was getting late in the day and the white man knew how terrified his opponents would be if the setting sun found them within stone throw of an open grave. The young chief realized that too! Suddenly he turned to the missionary.

"The white man has powers unknown to us," he declared; "in that case he perhaps can appease the

anger of the mother. Perhaps he can even bring up the girl."

So saying, he placed the baby in Grubb's arms. Leaving the men hastily, for fear they would change their minds, the missionary ran to the village, the baby cooing, overjoyed at the rapid pace.

Arrived at his hut, the child's protector called to the women, some of whom were nursing their own babies.

"Who will take charge of this little one?" he asked.

The women recoiled in horror, and several started a torrent of abuse. The aunt of the baby, a young girl eighteen years old, was especially fierce in her denunciations! In the midst of the talk, the baby set up a howl. She was hungry, she was thirsty!

"Now the women will be moved by pity," thought the missionary. But he was very much mistaken. They all fled out of the hut, crying: "The mother's ghost is already aroused. It has already come for it!"

Very much perplexed, Grubb had to devise a new plan of action. Leaving the infant under his mosquito-netting, he stepped outside, and asked some boys to help him catch a goat.

"No," they answered, "our goats' milk is not for a baby who ought to be dead. We shall not let you get either our goats or their milk."

The burial party now arrived and made matters worse. They insisted that the white man should not remain overnight in the village.

"The ghost of the mother will be coming to look for the child. She will not be satisfied without it," they declared. "If you are mad enough to run the risk of meeting that ghost, meet it alone!"

With a heavy heart, Grubb obeyed. After washing the baby, and preparing for it some rice-water, he set out to camp at some distance. Having made a com-

fortable bed of long grass for the little girl, having fed her, and having wrapped her up in an old shirt of his, he put her to sleep, then sat by the fire, thinking deeply. He did not see any ghost—only the ghost of his own childhood, as he tried hard to remember how his mother had taken care of him, what she had fed him on! He knew he would have to take the baby to the river Paraguay, and leave it there with friends, for he could not bring it up without proper food, and proper food he had not.

The next morning, he asked the tribe for guides. At first, they refused, then after a few days, seeing that both Grubb and the child were still alive, some agreed to escort them through the thick, wild jungle where even those who knew the paths sometimes got lost. Ten days of hardship followed—ten days of anxiety, of struggle. The baby was fed on rice-water, and on gruel made of flour and an egg—when eggs could be found. At other times, when goats' milk could be had, Barbrooke Grubb gave it to the infant. But then it was that the missionary was very much puzzled, for of course the poor little one could not drink out of a cup. What would *you* have done?

Well, this is what Grubb did. He took a piece of rag, and dipped it in the milk, then he put it in the baby's mouth. When she had sucked all the liquid out, he would repeat the process, soak the rag, give it to be sucked, take it out, soak it again, and so on. A slow way, but a sure one! And slowly though surely, the little girl grew.

Such experiences as these delayed direct missionary-work, though they also helped in a way to break down barriers. The dread of the dead was always the hardest obstacle to overcome. Once a death had occurred in a village, the entire population would burn down their

huts, take their belongings, and move away. How would *you* like to have to move every few months? It made missionary work very difficult, but Barbrooke Grubb stuck to his task, and though, in early years, he had to move his mission-centre three times, still, after seven years of persevering effort, in 1899, his first convert was baptized—Kyemapsithyo, or Philip, as he was called afterward.

Kyemap, on becoming a Christian, became a living epistle, and because of his victorious everyday life, he won others to Christ. But what a struggle it had been for the superstitious, ignorant Indian to come to God! Little things had to be overcome daily. Little things? Little to us—but not to him. Once, being in a Paraguayan town with Barbrooke Grubb, the latter asked Kyemap to have his picture taken! Kyemap had a dread of the camera, for like all others of his race, he believed it fired little devils at him and brought ill-luck, but when his friend the white man said he would stand with him, he consented, and, on coming home, with great pride he pinned up a copy of his picture on the door of his hut.

Now, Kyemap had a brother, Manuel, who was a witch-doctor, and though Manuel became later on a splendid Christian, he was as yet a witch-doctor, and as such, entirely opposed to the missionaries. Coming to see Kyemap on his return from Paraguay, he caught sight of the picture and immediately flew in a rage.

"You have sold your soul," he cried, in a frenzy, seizing the photograph and trampling it under foot, "you have sold your soul, or rather the white man has stolen it! That is why he is able to rule over you," and he tried to bring Grubb down!

So it was because of all these superstitious fears that, as a test of his sincerity, Kyemap, before being bap-

tized, was asked to sleep alone in the forest, apart from the village. With many misgivings, doubts and fears, he started, but came back the next morning, strong at last in the knowledge that God was stronger than the powers of darkness. Barbrooke Grubb had been right—there *were* no ghosts!

III

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD

"DO you think Yiphenyabanyetik will come back?" asked one Indian of another, as they sat as usual, smoking their long pipes at their village fires.

Barbrooke Grubb had gone home to England for a much-needed rest. He had said he would be back, but, if he was to return, why hadn't he done so yet? Springtime had gone by, summer had also worn away, and now it was autumn, that is, May, for you must remember that we are south of the Equator. The missionary had given the Indians work to do while he was away. There was to be founded a new mission-station, at Waikthlatingmamgyalwa, and the mission station was to be for three different tribes—the Lengua, the Suhin and the Toothli. Before going, Grubb had made certain arrangements with a man called Poit, one of the most promising of his friends. He had given him seventeen heads of cattle to take care of for the mission, and told him to settle with his clan where the station was to be, to make friends with the other tribes, dig a garden, plant seeds, and so prepare the way.

But autumn was here and the white man had not come back, so that Poit, thinking that Yiphenyabanyetik would never return, to claim his property, goods, cattle

and sheep—began to dispose of these to his own advantage.

Then, one day, early in May, without any warning, Barbrooke Grubb *did* reappear.

He was greeted cordially, and nothing seemed wrong, so he did not suspect Poit of unfaithfulness. When he inquired about the cattle and the goods, the Indian answered that they were safe, in his own village which lay between the new mission-station and the frontier of the Toothli tribe. As Grubb had brought back from England two new missionary recruits, he was eager to show them the work in the Chaco at large, and so spent the better part of the next eight months traveling with them, and helping them to get familiar with the people. Their horses having died of disease, they had to cover the ground on foot, so that, when December arrived, it found a very tired man at the new station. Tired? What would you be after walking one thousand seven hundred miles through the South American jungle?

But Barbrooke Grubb was not only physically tired, he was tired spiritually. While he had been gone on his journeys hither and thither, rumours had reached him that thefts had taken place at Waikthlatingmamgyalwa, and Poit was suspected. The gun of a white visitor had been stolen, and days afterward, been found hidden in the forest. Again, some said Poit had been the thief. Others added that Poit had killed several of the cows and sheep left in his charge, and cattle-killing had been one of the forbidden things.

One day, just as Grubb was making up his mind to investigate the matter, and call Poit to an immediate account of his stewardship, he received a call from several Toothli Indians who came to ask when he expected to start work for and among them. " Right away," he answered.

Poit was at that time at headquarters, so Grubb called him in after dismissing his visitors.

" We shall start to-morrow morning early," he said, " find me an escort of six men. We shall pay a visit to the Toothli, and, on the way, we shall pass through your village."

The next day, at dawn, the men were ready, but before they started, an old Indian came to the white man's hut, and took him aside.

" Don't go, Yiphenyabanyetik," he pleaded, " don't go; the road is long, the water is scarce, the heat is great; you are tired, you are not well after your long tramps."

But Grubb only laughed. " Never mind that, Brother," he said. " I have seen worse."

Again, just as the party was leaving, another Indian rushed forward, and seized the missionary's hand. " Don't go, Yiphenyabanyetik," he implored, " don't go."

As he shook him off kindly, Grubb met an old woman. She, too, spoke to him in a mournful tone.

" Oh, Yiphenyabanyetik," she wailed, " you will leave your bones whitening on the road! "

" Oh, no, Mother," returned Grubb, " I am strong! " With a smile, he started on his journey.

For some time, everything seemed to go well. But, after a while, the white man noticed that the Indians who were carrying his provisions had lagged far behind. They were not in sight, so turning to Poit who walked beside him, he said: " You'd better go back and hurry them up." Seated in the shade of a tree, he watched him disappear.

It was a long time before Poit returned, carrying the kettle, the tea, biscuits and the mosquito-net.

" One of the men got a bad thorn in his foot," he

reported, " and the others are trying to pull it out. They will overtake us as soon as they have done so, but as the wounded man may not be able to walk for some time, I have brought these things so that we may camp without waiting for them."

Satisfied with the answer, and thankful to Poit for his seeming forethought, Grubb gave no more thought to the matter, and together the two men walked on.

But let *us* turn back to the six Indians who had lagged behind. Where is the one with the thorn? In vain you would have looked for him, for there had been no accident of that kind! The men were all perfectly well, and had been very much puzzled when Poit had given them the following order: " Yiphenyabanyetik says you are to go back to the village we passed this morning and there wait for his return, which may not be for some weeks." They had thought it strange, but as Poit spoke as with authority, they had obeyed.

Midday came, and still Barbrooke Grubb walked on through the jungle, alone with Poit. Night came, and he noticed that the Indian seemed sad and restless at the same time, but as Indians are apt to have fits of terrible depression, he did not worry. The next morning, when he awoke, he expected to find that the Indian carriers had caught up with him. But no, there was no sign of them.

" I guess we shall wait for them here," he said to Poit.

" Well," the latter answered, " I think they probably have taken a short cut to the next village, so we'd better move on."

But at the next village, still there was no escort waiting for them. Then it was that Poit, the sly one, grew indignant.

" You can't trust those fellows," he cried out, " they were probably afraid of the Toothlis and so have given

you the slip. They were unwilling from the first. Regular cowards they are! "

That night, alone, the two travelers reached Poit's village, where Grubb recruited six other Indians to take the place of the " deserters." At the same time, he inquired about the cattle he had left with the tribe before going home to England on his furlough.

" Oh, they are all there," the people replied, " only, as you know, cattle wander far, and they are scattered. It will take some time to round them up."

The next day, they showed him two-thirds of the cattle.

" That's all we could find in so short a while," they said, " but we met Indians of far-away villages who told us some of our cattle had strayed as far as their place. When you return, in a few weeks, we shall have them back."

Have them back! Well they knew that they could not bring back to life the calves they had killed and eaten! But, satisfied with their seeming good faith, Grubb started anew for the land of the Toothli.

But now malaria seized him, and the following morning, he had to yield to Poit's entreaty that he should send his escort on ahead to prepare the Toothli for his arrival, and he stay a while longer where they had camped for the night.

" We shall start later in the day," he said, " when the sun has dried the dew of the grass, and you will feel stronger. Then we shall take a short-cut which I know, and we shall easily catch up with the others."

So did Poit speak, and set out to prepare Grubb's breakfast. While the missionary was eating, Poit kept up a steady chatter, informing him that jaguars had been seen prowling around the neighbourhood, and finally securing permission to go to the next village to

procure some new iron-headed arrows. Upon his return, he sat down in the shade and began sharpening them. The scraping noise was so irritating, however, to a man suffering from malaria, that Barbrooke Grubb soon ordered him to stop.

After a while, they started on. On coming to cross-paths, Poit stopped, and seemed to hesitate. A little later, he stopped again.

" I am afraid we are lost," he said, turning to the missionary. " We have crossed the river four times. I don't know where we are. But I know in what general direction to go."

They again came to the river, and, on the further bank, found numerous traces of a jaguar. Pretty soon they reëntered the jungle, but there had to come to a dead stop, the underbrush being so thick that they could not get through.

Poit said he would reconnoitre, so went back a ways. Suddenly, as Grubb sat on the ground, too weak to struggle on, he heard at some distance the crackling of branches.

" The jaguar! " flashed through his mind, and, raising his voice, he called loudly: " Poit, Poit! "

Peering through the underbrush, he beheld—not the jaguar—but the face of Poit.

" Well? " asked the Indian.

" How did you get there? " asked Grubb.

" It was hard, but if you only try to get here, the path is clear," was the answer, and the Indian disappeared.

Painfully the white man rose, and, bending forward, was trying to cleave a way for himself, when a sharp pain, as of a terrific blow in the back, seemed to tear him apart. With a cry, he turned, and saw Poit, a little ways off, horror written over all his features.

" Help me," cried the wounded man, but to his amazement and dismay, the Indian uttered a raucous cry, " Mr. Grubb, Mr. Grubb! Ah-kai! Ah-kai! " and fled.

Thus was the missionary, wounded to death, alone in the jungle.

His first thought was that Poit had aimed at a jaguar and, by mistake had hit him instead, so for the first few minutes of anguish, he expected the jaguar to appear and tear him to pieces. But as the moments went by, and the stillness of the forest remained unbroken, the truth flashed into his mind: Poit had intended to kill him, in fact, had killed him, and immediately all the smallest details of the journey struck him with new meaning.

He looked about, and tried to realize the extent of his wound. All he could see was a pool of blood dyeing the ground red, and, protruding from his back, a few inches of the iron arrow-head.

" I must get to the river," he murmured, " I must not faint! "

Though bleeding at the mouth, and blood soaking his shirt, he dragged himself forth, painfully, inch by inch, till he reached the river and dropped into the shallow water. This somewhat revived him and nerved him on to the next step—that of pulling off the arrow. It was a trial indeed, for the point was wedged in between the ribs, and only by working it back and forth, up and down, did it finally come out. Exhausted, he dropped on the river bank. But still the words haunted him: " I must not swoon! "

Pretty soon, he stood up, and, his brains still working clearly, he realized he must go back to the path where an Indian might find him. There lay his only hope. Here in the jungle, he would indeed be lost, and wild beasts would make a quick end of him. Even on

a beaten path, it might be days before an Indian would pass by, but, in God's mercy, some one might pass by that very day. So Grubb staggered on. Four times he crossed the river: the last time, being so weak, he nearly sank in mid-stream, but at last he reached the path. There he dropped under a tree, and laid the arrow next to him.

" If some one discovers me," he thought, " the arrow will tell the tale. At any rate, I shall not be here to do so. I suppose I can't live more than an hour or so." Committing his soul to God, he closed his eyes.

Pretty soon, however, he opened them again. A slight noise had roused him. Before him stood an Indian! To him he explained what had happened,—not at length, for he was almost too weak to speak, but the Indian understood. Carefully, almost tenderly, he raised the white man up.

" I shall carry you to my village," he said. " It is quite near."

Alas! Grubb was very tall and powerfully built, so that the Indian, small, thin, and wiry could do no more than half support, half drag him. But reach the village they did, and there the people tried to make him as comfortable as they could. There was no mosquito net, however, and the pests were unendurable. Besides, the heat and humidity were intolerable.

" Water! " murmured the wounded man, and immediately some one handed him a gourd. A long draught of the cold water somewhat revived him. But the mere sight of his blood-soaked and clotted shirt made him feel sick. He asked an old woman to remove it and wash it. Very carefully she stripped it off and then proceeded to rinse it out in an earthen jar. A while later, feeling dizzy again, Grubb stretched out his hand for the water gourd. Meeting water, he raised it

to his lips and began drinking, when, to his great dismay and horror, the old woman leaped forward.

"Stop," she shouted, "this is not the drinking gourd." Then he discovered that he had taken a few draughts of his own blood!

The day wore on—minutes seemed ages, hours seemed eternity!

Toward night the people of the village all dropped in to see him, but, being in a dull torpor, he could not speak. Still, his brain was active, and reacted painfully to the remarks of the visitors.

"He is almost dead," they would say to one another. "He will surely die."

Then they all begged him not to do so during the night. "We do not want your spirit to haunt us," they would whisper.

"I *must* not swoon," was uppermost in the missionary's mind, for he knew that, to the Indians, a fainting fit was equivalent to death, and, in their ignorance they had sometimes buried men alive. So, with great effort he opened his eyes. "I do not intend to die yet!" he said. Somewhat relieved, the men left him, to retire to the furthest end of the village.

The heat continued in spite of the darkness, the mosquitoes still came in droves, and, to add to the missionary's discomfort, a roving goat landed squarely on his chest in the middle of the night. By morning, he was barely alive. The Indians came, offering food, and when he had taken a little, he felt somewhat better.

The men of Poit's village who had been sent to the Toothli country now returned, to find out why the white man was not forthcoming. Luckily for Grubb they had with them his kettle, his tea, and his mosquito netting, so that he could be made more comfortable. He now sent forth a messenger to the mission station.

The man went, vowing he would kill Poit should he meet him.

Again that evening the men of the tribe came to visit the missionary. Too weak yet to speak, still he listened.

"It's getting dark," they said. "Are you strong? Make yourself strong. Do not die yet to-night, for we are sleeping here. Wait until to-morrow!"

By the next morning, having had a few hours' real sleep, and complete rest, Grubb felt a bit better. Hope again revived within him. He might live, after all, and, at the very thought, new life seemed to flow in his veins. The hours of one more day dragged on, and, the following morning, he startled his Indian visitors by suddenly declaring: "I am much stronger. You must help me to walk, and reach the mission station ——"

Very slowly they started. The first village they came to was Poit's. But Poit was not there. He had spread the news that he had aimed at a jaguar, and had killed the missionary instead. Then he had disappeared. But his own people were not fooled, and, after hearing Grubb's story, they all declared that he would be killed; they themselves would see to it that justice be done. Poit's own aunt was very kind. All day, as the white man rested in the village, she sat by him, fanning away the flies, bringing him water, and food, and broth, making him as comfortable as she could.

To his great joy, the very next day, Grubb met two of his friends from the mission station—Kyemap and his brother Manuel, who, as soon as the news had reached them of Poit's treachery, had ridden forth to save him if in time, to bring his body home if too late. They had taken medicines, restoratives, and bandages with them, so, under Grubb's directions, they dressed his wound, and attended to all his wants.

Kyemap, the heathen Indian who never had done anybody a good turn in his life; who would flee from any dying creature, because of superstitious belief; who would partake in the most cruel customs—this man now proved that he was indeed a Christian, a changed man. Day and night he took care of the white man, as tenderly, as faithfully, as courageously as a white brother might have done, and the little party finally arrived at the mission station—seventy miles away.

At their arrival, the people burst into tears, and, for days they would come to ask about their missionary's health in awestruck whispers. They did all in their power to help in his recovery. No laughing, no shouting was heard. They would at times search the forest far and near to bring him back honey. And yet, when he grew stronger and was able to sit in the shade, watching them, Grubb felt there was something strange in their attitude toward him. Once, he thought he would like to move his chair, and so called upon a young girl who was near, to carry it for him, as he was still too weak to do so. The girl, whom he had known from babyhood, obeyed, but did not seem to enjoy the task. She seized the chair, and, keeping at a distance from him, she set it hurriedly where he wanted it, then ran away with a look of fear in her face.

Moreover the men, the women, the children would often come and stand gazing at him from a distance. One day, a friend came to see him from a neighbouring tribe.

"How are you?" he asked, yet remaining a few yards away.

"I am getting well," answered Grubb.

"What is your name?" the visitor continued.

The white man was puzzled.

"Yiphenyabanyetik, of course," he answered.

"Oh, I know it *was* Yiphenyabanyetik," the other replied, "but what are you *now?*" and a look of awe and fear came over him.

Yes, the Indians knew well enough that it was the same frame, the same outward appearance, but,—"who is it *inside?*" they would ask one another. One time, some men from far away visited Grubb, and their chief introduced solemnly, from a distance:

"There sits the *body* of Yiphenyabanyetik!"

Grubb understood—he was the man who had come back from the dead!

But, strange to say, this fact brought a great many converts into the Kingdom, and God transformed the valley of the shadow of death into a gateway of life.

ALBERT L. SHELTON OF TIBET

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I

GETTING AN EDUCATION

IT was hard on Susie Edwards.

Yes, it was, for she was only sixteen, and, after all, at that age, one has not had much experience yet, and to teach school at sixteen is no joke. Besides, when all the children under you are of the neighbouring farms, and some are big boys of ten, eleven and twelve, it is hard to command their respect.

Well, it was hard on those boys, too, to have Susie for their teacher. How could they say in class, respectfully, "yes, ma'am," "no, ma'am," when, outside of school hours, she was "Susie," or plain "Sue"? One morning, when spring was in the air, and the sun was getting very hot, Susie felt trouble coming. The thought came to her, as she opened the little Kansas schoolhouse, that her "big boys" might feel restless on such a beautiful day.

"They might even want to go in for a swim in the brook!" she reflected, and shuddered at what might be ahead of her.

Of course, Susie had not studied child psychology. If she had, she might have known better than to voice her fears. But as it was, her first words were a warning.

"Now, boys," she said, "I don't want you to go near the creek at the noon-hour, and I shall severely punish any one whom I see down there."

Where the big boys sat, there was a slight titter, but

that was all. However, the teacher did not see a note being passed among them. Albert had written it, and slipped it to Fred, Fred, with a twinkle and a nod, gave it to Will, Will, with a low chuckle, shot it across to James while Miss Edwards turned to the blackboard. It read: " At noon, at the creek! What a good idea! "

And there they were, five of them at the creek, at the noon recess, hastily slipping off their clothes. Splash! The water was cold, but how good it felt! They did not dare make much noise, for, though out of sight of the schoolhouse, they might have been heard. They were having a glorious time, however, ducking here, ducking there.

" I bet you Susie won't know a thing about it," the leader had said. " We won't stay in long enough."

Alas! time speeds by for those who enjoy it, and pretty soon the boys were startled by a familiar sound. Peering through the leaves, they saw the teacher standing a hundred yards away, ringing the bell for afternoon session!

" Oh, gee! Now we'll get it! " they all exclaimed, as they scrambled for their clothes!

Did you ever try to get all wet into dry garments? Then you know what a time those boys had, and it certainly was with a very sheepish look that the five of them trooped into the little schoolhouse, ten minutes late! Susie Edwards did not have to ask where they had been. Their hair, plastered down by the water, plainly told the tale. She turned to one of the big girls. " Welma," she said, " go and get me some willow switches by the brook."

All the girls giggled, and Welma went out promptly. What a good revenge on those boys who were always teasing her. Quickly she cut two switches, the largest she could find.

" Stand, boys! " Miss Edwards commanded. Will, Fred, Albert, James and Ned all stood in a row, awaiting their fate. They knew they were " in for it," and did not plead for mercy. From the look on the teacher's face, they also knew she meant business. Back she drew the switch, and was about to let it fall on Will, when something happened . . . he let out a blood-curdling yell—such a yell as only boys who have played " Injuns " all their life, know how to emit! Poor Susie! The blood rushed to her face, and when the rod did fall, her hand shook so that the sting was not very great! Still frightened, she lost count of her strokes, too, so that Will got only four licks. Having given him only four, she could not give the others more, so that they all " got off easy! "

Yes, Will, and James and Ned " got off easy," but not so Fred and Albert. For when they reached home, they found out that their father had been told of the escapade, and their father had warned them many a time: " Boys, if ever you get thrashed at school, I'll thrash you too when you get home! " And that promise he kept, so that Albert and Fred remembered the incident for a long time afterward!

Albert and Fred were brothers, of the Shelton family. Mr. Shelton was a carpenter by trade, one of the early pioneers in Kansas. His sons knew many homes in that state, for every few years the family would move on further in the wilderness of buffalo grass,—once covering two hundred miles in a covered wagon, drawn by four horses. Albert was used to the primitive life, and loved it—never shirking the work, but, as we have just seen, managing to get plenty of fun out of it, too! His job at one time was that of getting the water supply for the family and the animals at the farm. You boys and girls of this generation will think that is easy: pipes

and faucets bring the water to you. But how would you have liked to fetch it in barrels, from a town well six miles away? After school, you would have had to start with the ox-cart—two slow oxen, driving a springless wagon, in the bed of the wagon, five empty barrels. Many a time, Albert would have to wait for hours at the town well, for many were those who came for water, and there would be a long line of waiting carts! When the line was too long, sometimes the boy would have to spend the night there, so as not to lose his turn. Then, once the barrels were filled, he would shoot a rabbit (with the rifle his uncle had given him), roast it on an open fire, eat it, and go to sleep under the wagon. Through the night, coyotes would come and sniff at the strange outfit, and snakes would rustle near by in the grass, but woe to them if they were near when Albert awoke! His great sport at that time was to see if he could fill a big cigar box with the rattles of the snakes he killed, and not only did he kill snakes, but also gophers, squirrels, and skunks, as well as coyotes. For these he got good money, for the state gave a bounty of a dollar a head, in its efforts to get rid of them.

Of course, Albert's school life was somewhat disconnected, but the ambition to learn was there, so that at seventeen we find him in very much the same position as Sue Edwards: teaching school to big boys and little ones, to girls of his own age, and also much younger.

But teaching was not enough for Albert Shelton. His great ambition was to attend the State Normal College, and to the State Normal College he did arrive one fall day of the year 1895, with $9.25 in his pocket, and a determination to win through at all cost. $9.25 to carry a lad through four years of college! You will laugh, and say it can't be done! But Shelton did it! Some sneered at the big fellow who came to classes with

a wide-necked, collarless shirt, a fellow who " did " the furnaces of the professors early in the morning, sold the *Kansas City Star* at street corners, did janitor work and any odd job that came along, but the sneers were changed to applause when that same fellow, at the end of four years, was awarded a scholarship at the Louisville Medical College. Meanwhile, the Spanish War had come and gone. Shelton had volunteered but had not seen any real fighting, remaining at a training camp for six months, when his company had been mustered out.

Yes, in four years, Shelton had gained the respect and confidence of all those with whom he came in contact, but he also had gained . . . a wife! A young student at Normal, whose name was Flora Beal. So that, when the news came that he had been given the scholarship to Louisville, he at first declined it. It was all very well to get a scholarship, but how was one to get to Louisville, so many hundreds of miles away, when one was dead broke, with not a cent in one's pocket, and a wife to support!

A few days after the award, he was cleaning up one of the college buildings. That was one of his jobs, and, as usual, he did it thoroughly and well. The superintendent happened to come along.

" Well, how is our future medical star getting on? " he greeted. " When are you starting for Louisville? "

" I am not starting, Boss! I've refused it with thanks. You see, it can't be done, financially, that's all, so I've got to quit thinking about it."

Nothing more was said, but that same afternoon, to Shelton's great astonishment, his " boss " entered his room, and handed him a check for $100.

" Now skip," he said, " get to Louisville, and that's all! "

" But, Mr. Boyle," said Shelton, " I can't really accept it, except as a loan."

" I am not giving it as a loan, man," answered the other, " all I want of you is to start for Louisville, and that double quick! "

What was there to do, but to thank the Lord . . . and Mr. Boyle, and—to go! His wife insisted she could support herself, she had taught school before, she would do so again. So Shelton went, with a heavy heart, leaving her behind.

Of course that next summer, he could not afford to be idle, so he went to work in the harvest field, and then as a plain ordinary worker on a railroad construction gang in Wyoming, good hard work which usually takes it all out of a fellow. But not so Albert Shelton! He was never too tired to write a word to his wife before he fell asleep, weary in body, though not in mind. The first thing he did, when he drew his pay, was to clear off his debt to Mr. Boyle by sending him a money-order. Then he gathered his wits about him . . . and realized he had only a dollar or so left in his pocket! How was he to get home until the fall session of Medical College? There he was,—in Wyoming, far from Louisville, and far from Kansas where he was planning to take a few weeks' rest!

But he was known on the railroad line. A brakeman hid him in a coal car with twenty other tramps, then, at Denver, handed him over to the tender mercies and wits of another brakeman, who, not knowing of any better place, got him into the ice-box of a refrigerator car. There, for a day and a night, Shelton squatted. Can you imagine holding that position for twenty-four hours?

" I'll have to get out," he finally decided, though that meant, of course, his being put off the train. But he

at last got to Kansas, and there walked sixty miles to a town where a friend lived who lent him enough for the rest of the journey. Home! How good it seemed, and all hardships were forgotten.

Then came more years at the Medical College, and the question of his life-work was to be decided. To be a doctor is no easy task. To any doctor at home life is a round of self-sacrifice, for a doctor's time is never his own. But to one who has made up his mind to serve humanity, it is the ideal way. Not only did Shelton, however, want to serve humanity—he wanted to serve his God. Therefore, he made up his mind to give his life where the need was greatest, regardless of future fame, regardless of home comforts. And God called him to China—on the border of Tibet, where he would work alone, far from all civilization, all plaudits —the only doctor for thousands and thousands who live daily in agony of body and agony of soul. He was to bring to them, not only physical, but spiritual life, for he was to bring them God. So in 1903, Dr. and Mrs. Shelton together started on their great adventure.

II

IN JOURNEYINGS OFT

SEVEN years passed by, very busy years indeed, and now I want you to come with me to that wild land of Tibet to have a glimpse of the doctor. We shall watch him as he, his wife, and his two little girls, Doris and Dorothy, are coming home to Batang after their first furlough. First they have to work their way up the Yang-tse—that great, wonderful river in China. This they do in a house-boat. A house-boat may sound

very romantic, but I doubt if you will still think so after inspecting this particular one. It is a clumsy, square-nosed barge, high in the back like the frigates of old, somewhat resembling a duck. The captain and his wife dwell in the raised part, the passengers in the middle where three rooms are separated by very thin, ricketty boards; the coolies sleep on the open deck at the stern; the baggage lies in the hold underneath, and a precious cargo it is to the doctor, for he is taking back to Batang the equipment for a hospital, and something else you will never guess! . . . a house! Yes, like the snail, he is carrying his house, but not on his back! It will be set up as soon as he arrives at the place which to him now is home.

You will wonder at first where the engine of the boat is. There is none! The motive power is supplied by the oars of thirty men, but, most of the time, those men are not rowing—they are not even on the boat, but ashore, towing it by means of long ropes, through deep gorges, through rapids, through treacherous, rocky depths. On board you may see a big bird-dog sniffing here and there. That is Jack, the doctor's dog. Where is the doctor? You will probably find him with some injured sailor, bandaging an arm, or washing out infected sores, for the sailors have a hard time towing on a rocky shore, and accidents happen every day. In some deep gorge, one may even lose his footing and fall into the whirling water below. Nothing can be done in that case—the man cannot be saved.

When the water journey is at an end, there begins the hardest part of the trip: overland travel for twelve days to Tachienlu. Once there, thirty days more to Batang, Tibet. At Tachienlu, Dr. Shelton was detained for a month, and it was there that Dorothy celebrated her sixth birthday. One of the missionaries gave her

a black hen as a present, and it was a proud Dorothy indeed who went all about, showing off her hen. She called it Annie, and Annie enjoyed being shown off, for were not all Tibetan fowls puny little things—little runts that did not deserve the name of hens! This Annie had come from America, and was the finest specimen of its breed. But time came to start off on the last lap of the journey, and Annie had begun setting! What should be done?

" I am going to take her along, Daddy," said Dorothy.

" But how can you? " asked her father.

" I'll find a way! " she replied, and sure enough, on the morning of departure, there was Dorothy, holding on to a basket which she slipped under the seat of the sedan-chair! In the basket sat Annie, still keeping her eggs nice and warm. At each halt, her proud owner took the basket out, fed her, and, in spite of the jolts and the sometimes perilous slant of the sedan-chair, Annie seemed satisfied. " Ha-ya! " would shout the coolies as they swung along, the poles of the chair firmly set on their shoulders. " Cluck, cluck," would answer Annie from under the seat. In due time, the little chickens were hatched, but the Sheltons traveled on.

A queer caravan you would have thought it: Dr. Shelton on a mule, his wife and daughters in chairs, the baggage on other mules, up and down, up and down; high mountains, snow-capped, rose on all sides, and some of the passes were so high that breath came haltingly and the coolies had to rest frequently. At these passes, the cold was intense, but down in the valleys it was summer, and such a hot summer that the crops were failing, and the grass everywhere was parched. The poor cattle in the fields were very thin and lean. Locusts alone seemed to thrive, and what an ear-splitting noise they made!

While riding on his mule, the doctor thought of a great many things. As they neared Batang, every stretch of road reminded him of some incident that had happened in the past. Rounding a corner, he suddenly recalled that, a few years before, it was there that his mule had been scared by ducks rising suddenly out of a paddy-field. As the road was raised above the surrounding land, and that land a steep slope, both mule and rider had fallen some six feet below, in the midst of one of the paddy-fields which lay in terraces all the way down the mountain-side. You may not know what "paddy" is? Well, it is rice, and rice is grown in water, so that you can imagine what the missionary had looked like when he had emerged from the field—his garments, his face, his hair, his ears full of mud! He remembered the time he had had getting himself and his mule back to the road, and the laugh he had had on himself!

As the doctor laughed again at the recollection, another cause of mirth came to view: a small, ill-kept farm by the roadside. That was where lived the man who could not get along well with his wife. They were always fighting. One night, he had come to Dr. Shelton's home, long after bedtime. The missionary and his household were fast asleep, but the man had knocked and knocked, and pounded on the door until the doctor appeared.

"What do you want?"

"My wife's shoulder is out of joint; she suffers a great deal. Please come and make it right."

When Shelton had set the dislocated shoulder, the husband turned triumphantly to his wife.

"Now, you will be able to prepare breakfast," he said. Then, to the missionary, he said: "You see, Doctor, we had had a fight, and she was in the wrong.

That is why her shoulder came out of joint when I hit her."

The very next day, again the wife must have been in the wrong, for again she got the worst of the "argument," and again her husband had come. Shelton fixed the shoulder once more, but the third time that he had been called, he had warned the man. "If you ever want me again for the same trouble," he said sternly, "you will have to be fined and pay me two thousand cash" (about $3).

"But how can I help it if my wife's shoulder bones are loose?"

"Well, don't fight, that's all!" For some time the man and his spouse had evidently used some self-control, for it was fully a month later that, at midnight, Shelton was again sought for. This time, the doctor exacted payment; he knew the man could pay, for he was a well-to-do shopkeeper besides a farmer. So pay he did, but he had learned his lesson. In the past three years before the missionary's furlough, only once had the wife's shoulder been dislocated again!

Soon after the doctor recalled that story, the little party of travelers stopped at an inn. As usual, Dorothy took her hen's basket out, and, as usual, out hopped Annie and her brood. They all began scratching about, on the earthen floor of the room, and theirs was a glorious time, for there was plenty of food to peck at, the Tibetans and Chinese having a way of dropping to the floor anything they can't eat. Just as the chicks were fighting over a discarded choice bit, lo and behold, tragedy stalked in in the guise of . . . a cat! Of course it sprang at the brood, and two were killed before Dorothy could interfere. Six of them, however, managed to survive the three weeks of the journey, and, arrived in Batang, impressed all the barnyards by their

size. They are the ancestors of a whole new race of Tibetan fowls.

Batang was reached at last, and work was resumed, the portable house erected, and the hospital built. When he thought of the hard times he had had for years, the doctor was indeed thankful. He recalled the first operation he had performed, soon after he had settled in Batang. One day, a man had come from the Yamen —the Municipal Building as you would call it. He had a note from the head official. " Come and see me immediately," it read, so the missionary had come. The magistrate was waiting for him. " I am making a road not far from here, and this morning the mountain began to slide. One of the men is lying up there with his head badly crushed by a stone. I want you to save him."

When the doctor had examined the patient, his first comment had been: " The man is sure to die, so I cannot take the risk of operating on him. We have just come to Batang, and the people will blame us if we are not successful."

But the official had insisted, and begged, and pleaded.

" No, no, the man will certainly die now," he insisted, " but we shall not hold you responsible. Please, please, do what you can."

So Shelton had set to work. First the ceiling had to be attended to, for how can you operate on a dying man when, at any moment, a layer of soot an inch thick is liable to come crashing down upon you and the patient? So, after nailing a sheet of burlap to the four corner beams of the ceiling, the missionary set to work cleaning up the place underfoot. That was the next step, for the yaks and the horses had occupied the room! After this was done an operating table had to be provided, so down came one of the doors! At last every-

thing was in readiness, and, praying for God's help, Shelton applied the chloroform and began his work. Tenderly, skilfully, he performed a most difficult operation. When he was through, the patient was barely breathing, but " man's extremity is God's opportunity," and the man lived, when, by all the laws of medicine, he should have died. Some people may say that the age of miracles is past, but missionaries know better. Their work is one glorious miracle.

About three weeks after this first operation, Dr. Shelton was hurrying home to dinner one night, when he met an old man and his wife, who, the minute they saw him, dismounted their mule, and began bowing low, bumping their heads to the ground. " What do you want? " the missionary asked. " We don't allow people to kneel down to us." But the old couple went on doing so, the man fumbling in his gown the while, producing at last from the folds . . . a rooster, *and* a dirty chunk of Tibetan butter, *and* six eggs, which he laid at the doctor's feet.

" Look here," the latter said, " what is it all about? Why these presents? "

" Do you remember the man with the broken head? " the old people explained; " well, we are his father and mother, and oh, we are so thankful to you for saving his life! "

To his great amazement the doctor found that these two old Tibetan folk had come five days' journey to " pay their debt "!

Yes, the people were grateful, and so was the missionary—grateful that he could help them, grateful for that wonderful opportunity of working for God.

But some things did hurt, and that was the helplessness of some cases. One time, a leper came, asking to be healed. Sadly the doctor looked him over.

" I can't do anything for you," he said, " nobody has ever cured leprosy except Jesus."

" Jesus! Who was He? " asked the patient.

Shelton told him, but the man would not be put off.

" If Jesus did it, *you* can do it," he argued. " You say Jesus even raised people from the dead. Well, *you* can do that! Friends have told me you even make them die while you cut away a leg, or an arm, or remove a tumor. Then you bring them back to life. Surely, if you can do that, you can cure me."

The doctor had tears in his eyes as he once more answered, " No, I cannot! "

Nothing, however, would convince the leper. He and his friends went away, only to come back after talking among themselves.

" We understand," they then said, " you have your reputation made. You have not charged anybody anything so far, but now that you have shown what you can do, you want to be paid. We will pay! "

The leper threw himself at the missionary's knees, tears streaming down his face.

" I am a poor man," he cried. " I only earn seven cents a day; but I can live on three, and let you have four as long as I live! "

Shelton raised the man up.

" We don't allow people to kneel to us," he cried, greatly moved. " God alone is to be worshipped thus. Would to God I could do something for you, but . . . *I can't!* " With this, he, too, broke down and wept.

Not only were lepers distressing cases. There were the children who died in great numbers each winter because of the cold. Underclad, undernourished, they could not resist. One day, a woman came, who, out of her sheepskin dress, took out a year-old boy, entirely naked. Little Dorothy Shelton ran to her mother.

"Mother," she asked, "don't we have anything we could give the child?"

Alas, the chest where the missionary's wife hoarded old clothes, was empty! Ever since fall, it had provided warm garments made over by Mrs. Shelton, but now, what could be done? Silently, Dorothy took off her dress and her little woolen shirt. Then, replacing the dress, she handed the shirt to the Tibetan mother. In it the little boy was clad, and through it, one little life more was saved.

Not only did the doctor work in Batang, but at regular intervals, he would visit outlying villages. He would put up at the house of an acquaintance, there the sick would come to him, and oh, how they did throng!

At other times the missionary would be called away on other missions. There was constant warfare between the Tibetans and the Chinese, and Batang being on the frontier, it was one of the centres of opposing armies. Time and again, Dr. Shelton would be asked to bring about peace, or temporary cessation of hostilities. Because he was trusted by both parties, he was always the one called upon to negotiate between them. Of course, he did not welcome these interruptions to his work, but how could he say no, when he knew that he alone had any influence on either side, and that through him bloodshed might be avoided!

So time fled, and gradually the seed planted began to bear fruit. After many years of persevering efforts, to the doctor and his evangelistic colleagues came the supreme joy of baptizing converts, and the work progressed. Then the Sheltons' second furlough became due, and they prepared to leave for a year's visit to America.

III

IN THE HANDS OF BANDITS

YANG-TIEN-FU was well known in Yunnan, and, at the first rumours of his coming, villages would empty out as by magic; the people would flee up the mountain-sides with whatever household goods they happened to load on their shoulders, or on a mule. Up the mountains they would scatter and hide. When Yang-Tien-Fu had been and gone, then the villagers would return to looted homes and looted crops. If some one had argued with Yang, he would have answered: " Well, a band of a hundred men has got to live on something! "

This time, early in January, 1920, Yang-Tien-Fu and his robber gang lay in wait above the main road to Yunnan-Fu, near a place called Lao-Ya-Gwan, and, from Batang in Tibet, Dr. Shelton, his wife and his two daughters were journeying peacefully down that same road, on their way to the United States, after another seven busy years on the frontier. From station to station, the Chinese government gave them an escort of four soldiers, and two of these paraded in front of Dr. Shelton's mule, while the two others walked back of the sedan-chairs which the ladies occupied.

As they left Lao-Ya-Gwan behind, suddenly one of the soldiers looked up the mountain-side, and quickly discharging his rifle in the air, he cried out: " Robbers, robbers! " Then he and his companions started to run. Shelton turned in the saddle, wondering how it was that the bandits were in the rear, but soon he realized that his valiant escort had not gone to meet the robbers; they

were fleeing without even meeting them. The enemy was in front, and soon closed in upon the little group.

Dr. Shelton's first impulse was to fight, but, after a moment's hesitation, he quietly replaced his revolver in its holster. What would be the use of shedding blood? Yang's men were upon them, fifty to one. To kill two or three of them would not show them the error of their ways, it would not even protect Mrs. Shelton and the girls. In a minute the bandits had seized everything, the pack mules had their loads scattered all over the road, and now the robbers began to search the foreigners.

A big burly fellow with a big smear of black across his face came up to the doctor, and poked a pistol into his stomach.

" Come and see our General," he said.

The missionary could not help laughing. The man was so much like a burlesque actor in a play, simply ridiculous, and now his expression was well worth seeing, as he realized that Shelton was laughing at him.

" Come," he repeated, more roughly.

At this moment Mrs. Shelton and the girls threw themselves upon the doctor.

" Don't go," they pleaded, " don't go! "

" What else can I do? " the doctor replied. " The General probably wants to know where the rest of our goods are. I'll be back in a very little while "—and off he started with his captor.

After going some little distance they stopped. Before them stood a Chinaman above the average height, with a dark, though rather pleasant face. In his hands were Dr. Shelton's shotguns, his camera, his glasses. Turning to the prisoner, he said, " I am Yang-Tien-Fu, and I want to know how these things of yours work."

Patiently, the doctor started to explain and demon-

strate, but it was not long before a cry was heard down the road: "The soldiers, the soldiers!" and a volley of shots whizzed by. Shelton's first impulse was to bolt toward the place where he had left his wife and children, but he was quickly restrained by Yang's hand upon his arm.

"You are my prisoner," the chief calmly announced, "you are to be held for ransom!" and he forced the doctor up the mountain-side, under an escort of two of his gang, armed to the teeth.

The missionary's heart sank! What was to become of his wife, his daughters? Held for ransom! That would mean weeks before he could be free—weeks of delay, negotiations, threats! Besides, he would not accept ransom, if it were to be money. He would rather be killed, for if his captors got money for his release, soon they would capture others, and there would never be any let-up in that terrifying game! If he only knew his way about these mountains, there would be a chance of escape, but this part of the country was completely unknown to him, he would probably get lost and either be recaptured or else die of hunger or exposure.

Meanwhile, there was fighting below. He could hear the shots, and the shouts, and the confusion of battle. The soldiers had evidently returned with reinforcements from Lao-Ya-Gwan. Where were his wife and daughters? Were they still on the road, or were they safe? Had Andru, a faithful Christian servant, been able to stay with them? In great mental anguish, the doctor walked, and the future looked dark indeed, as he was urged on and on, through thick underbrush or up winding, rocky paths. Night came on, and still they did not halt, but with night a strange peace descended upon his soul. He seemed to hear a voice quieting him, reassuring him. "Commit thy way unto

the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass." It was so. He was on God's business; God would not forsake him.

At last they came to a camping place, and there the gang rallied. One man came up to the doctor.

"Don't be concerned about your family," he said, "we tried to bring them with us, but the mountain was too steep for the coolies to carry the chairs up, even under our pistol threats, so we let them go, and I have just heard that they are safe in Lao-Ya-Gwan, where they are waiting for you."

This was good news, and Shelton was thankful indeed, but was the man telling the truth? Within a few days, he was to find out it was true, but, even though he was partly relieved, that night was the first night of ten weeks of untold suffering.

For one thing, the bandits never rested but a few hours at a time. And when they did, most likely it would be in some shed, or some barn where the air got most foul with the whole gang crowded around a fire, the smoke of which would have great difficulty in escaping through a small vent in the roof. Then, all through the nights, the men would either gamble, quarrel, or smoke opium. Once in a while, the chief would distribute the loot, but the loot would not stay long in the same hands, for more thieving knaves Shelton had never seen; they would steal from one another, then fight, then gamble for the stolen goods. How could any one sleep with that kind of carousal going on? How could you sleep when, the minute you closed your eyes, you felt hands stealthily creeping into your pockets, to take your medicine case, or your pencil, or your handkerchief, or even your toothbrush? Of course the doctor claimed his goods back the next day, and he would get them back, for Yang had issued an order forbidding any one to keep the missionary's personal be-

longings, but try to keep them the robbers would, order or no order!

Then, the bandits seemed to depend more on opium than on food, and so the bill of fare was most meagre—a handful of rice or two, that was all, except after a successful foray when they would share with Shelton a bit of chicken, or some underdone pork. For the first week or so, the gang was " on the go " all the time. For five nights the doctor did not have a chance to take off his clothes. Living in such dirty surroundings, he began to feel " itchy " all over. " Cooties " had made their appearance, and, from that time on, the fight was on between them and Shelton! Whenever he was sure of staying in a place for more than an hour, quickly he would strip and wash his clothes. Sometimes he would have to put them on again half-dry, but at least they were clean, and the next night he might enjoy a few hours' rest. Once, while Yang himself was watching him take a bath in a brook, the doctor asked him if he would not want to follow suit.

" A bath? " answered the chief, " certainly not! I'd catch cold! I haven't had one for three years! "

After the first week of captivity, another form of suffering added itself to the prisoner's score: a tumor began to develop in his neck, and day by day it grew, and day by day it throbbed more and more. Then dysentery set in and soon the poor doctor was a very sick man, and still the band traveled on, though carrying on negotiations for the prisoner's release. There was a French Catholic priest at Lao-Ya-Gwan, and through him, many letters were exchanged with the government officials. The priest, Father Bailly, was most kind, and he it was who escorted Mrs. Shelton and the girls to the capital of the province, Yunnan-Fu. When he came back, through him an agreement was almost reached.

If the governor released Yang's wife and his son, whom he held as hostages, and issued a general pardon for the whole robber gang, then Yang would release his prisoner, and agree to police the roads for the government! But each side mistrusted the other. After many parleyings, Yang's wife and his son were returned to him as a sign of the governor's good faith, but Yang did not want to set Shelton free before getting his pardon which was promised but not yet signed. The gang waited in a certain village for the " blanket pardon " to come. There the governor saw his chance! Why pardon those knaves when he could just surround them and capture them one and all? At last, when shot, they would give him no more trouble. So, instead of the signed pardon, he sent armed soldiers, but Yang's " secret service " warned the chief in time, and, after a short battle, the bandits escaped.

Now they were two hundred, for they had been joined a few days previous by a whole company of " regulars " who had mutinied because they were not paid. Again the gang roved the mountains. Their methods were varied. Sometimes they would enter a village and force the inhabitants to give them whatever they possessed. At other times, Yang would take it into his head not to loot a friendly town, but to pay for all they took. Once, such an order had been issued when, to the chief's great rage, a peddler came to him, complaining he had been robbed of his whole load of pears. Immediately, Yang made the culprits pay twice the value of the pears! At other times, a certain man in a certain place would be pounced upon and tortured till a certain amount of money was promised . . . and delivered. Then, satisfied, the " General " would distribute the whole amount to his men, and let the poor victim go. At all times, strange to say, the order was that women were to

be respected. One morning, after a night's encampment at a farm, Yang saw a man and a woman come into the courtyard, kotowing to him, falling on their knees, and weeping.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"One of your men broke into our home last night and took our daughter away! We are ruined. We are miserable!"

The chief looked sternly around. "Could you point out the man?" he demanded.

"Yes, there he is," and with trembling fingers the couple accused a man who, under the accusation, became literally green with fear. Justice was done right away, and the man was shot. In such cases, Dr. Shelton never interfered, but once the chief was about to have a man killed for lying!

"What," the doctor flared, "you are shooting this man for lying! Then, you ought all to be shot, every man of you! For you have been lying to me every single day I've been with you, and you know it, too!" The man was *not* shot!

The gang was a motley crowd. There was a boy among them, only fourteen, who carried an old-fashioned pistol, and a very long sword. Whenever they marched through a village, he would be followed by all the little Chinese urchins, who would try to imitate his stride, and would stare at him with envy and boundless admiration! Then, there was Gnan, one of the captains, who was always courteous and never raised his voice. Then, there was a young smart Alec, who at one time, constituted himself the doctor's body guard and who would talk, and talk, and talk, and not leave the prisoner a moment's peace, till one day, exasperated, Shelton seized a revolver and pursued him until they both came in Yang's presence. Yang silenced the man, threaten-

ing to shoot him if he did not leave the prisoner alone. Then, there was one bandit whom the missionary deemed the worst of the gang, and yet, one night when he was in great pain, that very man came to him with an orange to assuage his thirst!

Then, of course, there was Yang, over whose features came a wolfish grin whenever some mischief was afoot —Yang who would not hesitate to sacrifice a life without the flicker of an eyelid, and yet would never keep any of the loot for himself, and who shared all hardships like the least of his band. At times, it seemed as if he were not far from the Kingdom of God; he had longings for a better life. Shelton would talk to him, read to him from the Gospel, convict him of sin. But the same night, the powers of darkness, under the guise of opium, would assail him and conquer again. He asked the doctor to teach him to read, and he was just making a beginning, when, on account of the prisoner's illness, the lessons had to be discontinued. One day, after having gotten quite a load of " cash," he came to Shelton, and laid it down at his feet.

" I want you to stay with us, and be our chaplain," he said. " I shall give you two thousand dollars a year, if you only would! "

Of course the doctor declined, but, " If I were only a younger man," he wrote in his diary, " what a splendid opportunity would be mine! Younger and unmarried, I should indeed stay with them! "

Another time, after Yang's son had come to live with them, the father wanted the missionary to adopt him.

" Take him," he said, " and he will be spared this kind of life. I do want something better for him."

As this plea was repeated day after day, Shelton finally agreed to educate the boy, and made necessary arrangements for the lad to go with him when he should

be released. But when would that be? Days lapsed into weeks, weeks into a month and a half. Negotiations were still being carried on, but without much hope of success. The gang began to show signs of restlessness. Many wanted to be allowed to go home to their families for the Chinese New Year, February 20th, but the chief would not let them depart. Mutiny set in, but Yang got the upper hand.

A few days after the New Year, Shelton was surprised to be called in to the chief. What was his delight when he found himself face to face with his own cook, Shensi! At the risk of his life, overcoming many obstacles, that faithful servant had come at Mrs. Shelton's request. Through him, she sent her husband letters, bedding, some medicine. Through him, negotiations were resumed with the governor, but alas, these also came to naught, and the robbers were now daily harassed by government troops. Many fights occurred. Whenever a battle was on, Shelton was put under special guard and hurried to another spot. But he was fast getting worse, and worse, and there came a day when he became unable to move. Yang debated whether to kill him; he was becoming a nuisance, and endangering the life of the gang, he must be done away with.

The doctor himself encouraged him. In his diary, he wrote: "Oh, how I long for death!" And yet, on March 5, he made the following entry:

"Carry on, carry on.
Things never were looming so black
But show that you haven't a cowardly streak,
And though you're unlucky, you never are weak.
Carry on! Carry on!
Brace up for another attack.
It's looking like hell, but . . . you never can tell!
Carry on, old man, carry on!"

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On March 6, Yang finally made up his mind. He would leave the prisoner behind, hidden in a barn-loft. If he were better in a few days, the headman of the village was to let him know, and he would return for him; if not, he could be left there to die. Though the place was only a loft, with only three feet ceiling space, yet the worn-out missionary found it a heavenly spot! At last, he could rest, he could lie still, buried in clean rice straw! There he lay, waiting for release through death. But release came a different way. On the sixth day the headman appeared, crying: " The soldiers! The soldiers! "

" Well," said Shelton, " what about them? "

" They are coming, and if they get to know you are here, they will put me to death! And I already have sent word to Yang to come and get you, as you were better! "

The doctor's heart stood still at these words. " I must get away," he thought, but waited till the headman had gone. Not a sound was heard for a long time, for the villagers had all taken to the hills—fearing the " regulars " as much as the bandits! Then the sound of footsteps reached Shelton's ears, and forth he crawled out of the loft. Slowly he struggled to his feet, to the road. What was his surprise when he realized that it was not soldiers who were coming down the road, but a government official, alone with his servant! And what was the official's surprise when, before him, he beheld the man whom the governor had sought to get released for more than two months!

With the help of the servant, Shelton was able to reach the next village, and there, eight men volunteered to take him to the nearest mission station. But they had no means of conveyance, so that, when darkness came, they had made but little progress up the moun-

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tain-side; as the doctor could not walk, he had to be half dragged, half carried, by means of a rope. Finally, at the dead of night, the party arrived at the mission station. There, an old man opened the door, cautiously —just a crack.

"We have been praying for Dr. Shelton for two months," he said, "but this cannot be he!" It was hard to convince him, for the sick man presented a wild appearance, with his neck swollen to huge proportions, and a beard of ten weeks' growth.

The very next morning, at half-past four, ponies were brought, and eleven elders and deacons of the church were in readiness to start on the long journey to Yunnan-Fu. But before starting, they all knelt down in the little courtyard and prayed for God's blessing on their journey. Tears stood in the missionary's eyes as he listened to the outpourings of love, courage and faith of these simple Chinese who were ready to risk their lives for him, a total stranger, though a brother in Christ. News had come that Yang was coming to recapture his prey, and yet these Christians did not hesitate. After a slow and painful trip, however, they all arrived safely at Yenmo, and there the doctor took leave of them, being escorted to the capital by soldiers. At a distance from Yunnan, his two girls ran out to meet him. As soon as she saw him, little Doris cried out, "Oh, Daddy, God *does* answer prayer, doesn't He?"

Deeply moved, Shelton could but whisper: "Yes, of course He does. He does indeed!"

Prayer had been offered up for him day after day, not only by his friends, but by those who knew him not, and prayer had loosed his bands! Prayer too restored him to health—prayer, and the skilful hands of Christian surgeons, both in China and in the homeland.

In a few months, back in the United States, he was again ready to resume God's work in Tibet, and to again risk his life for those for whom Christ died as well as for us. Where the need is greatest, there he was called, and there he returned . . . to lose his life, but to gain it in death. At Batang, February 17, 1922, he was shot by bandits. His body lies over there, among the mountains, in the midst of the people whom he loved and among whom he worked, but his life is an inspiration, not only to Tibetans and Chinese, but to all Christians, to " carry on," for his spirit doth live.

IDA SCUDDER OF INDIA

IDA SCUDDER OF INDIA

I

A MISSIONARY?—NEVER!

A LITTLE girl pounding upon the floor with both fists, tears streaming down her face, and shouting: "It is not fair! It is not fair!" Outside, a dark night, and rain pouring in torrents. This is the first glimpse of Ida Scudder.

Her mother had just gone, gone back to India, leaving her with friends in Chicago, so that she might go to school. Oh, she did not want her mother to leave, she wanted her to stay with her. She had expected at least to be able to go to the station, to the train, with a faint hope that there in the train, she might persuade her mother to take her along, but no, the rain had prevented. She had had to stifle back her sobs, and kiss her mother good-bye right here in this very room, the very sight of which she hated, because it brought back memories of her mother, of the good times they always had had together. And now, the flood of tears, unchecked, rolled down Ida's face.

"It is not fair," she cried. "The children of India don't have to have mother. She is mine. I want her. She is my own mother!"

Yet in her heart she knew that the wee ones in India *did* need her mother more than she did. She was healthy, she had friends, the world smiled on her; over there, there were hundreds of little babies who would

not live if it were not that Mrs. Scudder taught their mothers how to care for them; there were scores of small Hindu girls who would not know anything but a cruel world if her mother did not bring to them the joy of Christ. Ida herself knew a great many of her playmates in India who were already married, though just her age, who had had to leave their mothers, and go to live with elderly husbands, who never had had, or would have any education. How would *she* like to be a Hindu? At the thought she shuddered, but—

"I am not," she reasoned. "I am an American, a Christian girl; I have a right to my mother!"

Yet, deep in her heart, she knew that Christ and the work He had given her mother to do, had a greater claim. It was not easy for her mother to leave her, that she also knew: her poor mother! just now she might be crying for her own little girl, and the thought made Ida wipe off her tears and sit up. "I shall be brave," she thought. "I must be worthy of her!"

Yes indeed, Mrs. Scudder was thinking of her child, and in spite of all her busy days in India, she always found time to write her long, loving letters. Many a time every day, the mother would pray for her little girl, that God should keep her in His love, and, some day, bring her back to India as a missionary.

But that was one of the things which Ida, as she grew up, was determined not to do. The memory of that evening of despair in Chicago rankled in her mind. Whenever she saw girls of her own age left at her boarding-school by parents, and seemingly cheerful, she thought: "They have no hearts! But why do their mothers send them here? They don't have to, since they are not missionaries! Don't they want them at home? When I have children, I shall never leave them!"

Many a time, her friends would say: "Oh, Ida, surely you are going back to India as a missionary! All Scudders belong to India!" Then she would flare up.

"A missionary? Never!" she would answer vehemently. "Because my grandfather and my grandmother, and my mother and my father, and my aunts and my uncles, and my cousins have worked and are working over there, all the more reason for my not going. I am going to stay at home! Fifteen Scudders of my generation are enough for one family to provide for India, however great the need may be!"

She had often been told how her grandfather had sailed for Ceylon in 1819, in the days of sailboats, and how he had started the work at Arcot; how five of his sons had followed suit; how Dr. Silas had had a lucrative practice in New York, but how he had given it up to go and be a missionary in India; how Dr. John had had the "call" when reading *The Need of Six Hundred Millions,* at a patient's house, one day; how, one after another, Scudders had sacrificed success at home for struggle abroad. Well, there had been enough sacrifices!

One day, however, in her last year at the Northfield Seminary, she received a letter from her father.

"Your mother is sick," he wrote, "and we all hope you are coming here after graduation, to take care of her. It would mean a great deal to us all."

Why, of course, Ida would go. She was glad to be of some help to her parents. She would give up a year or so and nurse her mother back to health. Then she would return to America, and settle at home. A visit to India! After all, it would be pleasant to go back to the scene of her childhood days . . . for a while—yes, for a little while!

So she prepared to go, and at last found herself over there. It was a joy to be with her father and mother again, and yet, sometimes, she was overpowered with homesickness. She would sit on the porch of the bungalow, and look at Indian life, but she would not be there at all! She would be back at Northfield. The heat waves that came to her from the sun-dried plain would not come from rice-fields: they came from the well-watered corn-fields spreading along the Connecticut river; the mangoes, the palms were changed to New England stately elms; the mud huts, the hovels turned into neat farms painted white, with green shutters! Home! She was going home in a little while, for her mother was much better.

One night, as she was sitting indoors over a book, waiting for her father to return from a medical call, she felt so drowsy that she closed her eyes, and fell fast asleep. As usual, she dreamed of home, home in America. A knock sounded at the door. No answer. The knock was repeated. Half-awake, Ida stirred in her chair.

" 'Tis some nightly visitor," she murmured, " entreating entrance at my chamber door . . . only this, and nothing more! " But, oh, yes, there *was* something more! The knocking was repeated, it became insistent, and Ida, fully awake now, jumped up to answer.

She opened the screen door. The lamp which she held fell full upon a stately figure—a man dressed all in white with a huge turban on his head. Oh, yes, she remembered now—this was India, and this was a Mohammedan. He bowed low.

" Gracious lady, I've come for you," he said.

" For me," gasped Ida, " what do you want? "

" You must come and see my sick wife. She is very, very ill! You must come at once! "

" Oh, it is my father, the doctor, you want. I'll tell him as soon as he comes in."

" Oh, no! " the Moslem drew himself up haughtily, " a man to look upon my wife! That can never be! "

" But I am no doctor," murmured the girl.

" Then, she will die! But Allah's will be done! " and slowly the man departed.

Mohammedanism forbids a woman to be seen by any man but her husband, and Ida thought of the many dark eyes she had seen peering through the blinds of closely-shuttered houses,—eyes eager for freedom, eyes alight with envy as they watched her going by, untrammelled by deadly customs. Yes, these eyes seemed to follow her back to her chair, but she could not read. She thought she could see that little Moslem wife—probably a child still, tossing upon her bed, eyes bright with fever, cheeks burning with it, body parched and dry, looking at Ida with a look that said: " Why aren't you a doctor? Then I could be saved! "

As she was dozing off again, all at once, she heard footsteps on the porch. "Ah," she thought, " the man has changed his mind. He will let Father see his wife," and, at the knock on the door, she eagerly opened it wide.

There stood a man, but not the same one—a thin, wiry man with nothing on but a loin cloth, and, on his forehead, a strange mark. He salaamed low.

" My wife is ill," he said, " she will die if she does not get help right away. It is a pity, but women are such burdens! I only married her a short while ago. And now . . . this! "

" My father is expected home any minute. He will go to see her," replied Ida.

" Oh no, mem sahib! I am a high-caste Brahman! No man shall look upon my wife! She would be dis-

honoured. Rather she would die than that! *You* must come! "

"I am no doctor," again murmured the girl, and she had to let the man go away.

Her father came in. She went to bed. But she could not sleep, and she was still awake when a third time, there came a rapping at the door. Immediately she opened. The moon revealed a man who seemed to be labouring under great excitement. His voice trembled.

"Mem sahib," he said, "I heard that a wonderful doctor lived here who could save any life. My wife is burning up with fever. She can be healed, can't she? "

"I shall call my father," answered Ida, "he is the doctor! "

"A man! " exclaimed the poor Hindu, his voice breaking with disappointment. "A man! Oh, no! A man cannot take care of my wife! *You* come! "

Ida tried to argue. If only he should let her father try, his wife would surely recover.

"No, no, it cannot be done," the husband said sadly, and slowly he walked away.

There was no sleep for Ida that night. Those three little child-wives seemed calling, calling to her.

"It is not my fault that their religion forbids men to see them," she reasoned, but they would not be put off. "Yes,—but if *you* were a doctor, then *you* could come, *you* could save us."

"If I were a doctor, I'd be one at home," she would argue back. "At home! Where, in any big city, there is a doctor in almost any block, where every village has one, or more, where pretty nearly every sick folk has a chance to get well, oh, Ida! " And the eyes of the child-wives would look reproachfully at her. "'Home' is any place where your work calls you, 'home' is the place where you are most useful, 'home' is the place

where you are most needed, ' home ' is the place where God calls you, and ' home ' for you is here in India! "

Early the next morning Ida sent a servant to inquire after the patients.

" What news? " she asked eagerly when he came back.

" Oh, mem sahib! They are dead! the three of them! Dead! "

The three of them! And a woman doctor could probably have saved them! It was no use cursing their customs, their laws. If these customs were to be changed, if these laws were to be superseded, it would be through the persistent efforts of white women, and Ida was a white woman, she was a Christian, and, as such, Christ had first claim on her, as He always had had on her mother. He was calling her. Now she realized that the three knocks in the night were not at the door of the bungalow, but at the door of her heart.

Quietly, she came into her mother's room.

" Mother," she said, " I am going back to America, but I shall return to India. I want to be a doctor, or at least, God wants me to be one, and make my ' home ' here."

The next fall, at Philadelphia, Ida Scudder registered at the Women's Hospital, and thus began her life of service. In a few years, she was back in India, at the head of the Mary Taber Schell Hospital of Vellore.

II

AT WORK

IT is Wednesday morning, and, to the doctors at the Vellore Hospital, Wednesday spells outdoor work in the Ford Ambulance. Oh, what a lark, you will think,

not to have to be on duty within four walls, but to be outside, enjoying the fresh air, riding in a car! Well, come along, and we will see whether, at the close of the day, you will not be longing for the coolness of a hospital ward, where everything is in order, and everything is neat and clean!

First, we must start very early, but little after dawn. Why? Because of the heat, and because of the amount of work to be accomplished. Now, you must help get the Ford ready. Here is a big bundle of bandages, here a medicine kit, here a surgical outfit, and don't forget the most important of all boxes . . . that containing post-cards and pictures sent by little friends in America. You will see later why these are most important—almost as much so as a smaller box containing candy and a few little dolls, bought probably at the five and ten cent stores in America, but shipped with many a heartfelt prayer that they may bring joy to some wee Hindu child. And now, we are ready to start.

At first, it is pleasant, and we exchange greetings with people we meet. At our own gate, we have to slow up to let a caravan of donkeys pass by, donkeys carrying big bundles of soiled clothes,—the hospital laundry going to the river, there to be washed by means of beating the spots out with flat stones, and then dried by the greatest of disinfectants, the sun. At the limit of the city, we pass a gorgeous temple with a wonderfully carved facade. A woman is standing by it, a big brass pot on her shaven head, and only a bit of cloth tied around her body. She is a widow, and, as such, an object of scorn. She has to fetch water at the well before anybody is astir, for should her very shadow fall on any of her high-caste neighbours, they would be polluted.

Now the country is reached, and the green rice-fields

spread on both sides of the road. But already the sun is beating mercilessly down, and the dust which the wheels raise is powdering our faces and our clothes. If it did not go up our noses and down our throats, we would not mind so much, but, as it is, we have fits of coughing and sneezing every once in a while!

But "the little Ford rambles right along" with its precious load, the motor whirring noisily, as all well-bred Ford engines do. Now, we see ahead of us a tall, shady banyan tree, and, underneath its wide-spreading branches, what seems at first a flower garden! As we approach, however, we find out that the flowers, the real ones, and very bright, are held by little children. They are bouquets picked specially for the "foreign mem sahib," and as the boys and girls see the Ford approaching, they stretch out their arms. "Here she is!" they cry out. "Have you brought us cards to-day? Are you sure you'll have enough for everybody?"

This is the first dispensary. Without losing any time, the operating table is let down from the side of the ambulance, and, while the doctor examines the patients, the Bible woman takes a bundle of picture post-cards, and, in exchange for flowers, hands out the cards. On the back of these has been pasted white paper, and a verse from the Scriptures is written thereon. Eagerly little hands seize the pictures.

"Please, amma," some ask, "we are not old enough to read yet, tell us what the writing says," and gladly the Bible woman, herself a Hindu, reads the texts, explains them, and tells the story of Jesus.

"Now," she says, "if you should have to come again with your sick father, next week, Anugrah, *you* must tell *me* the story. You must not forget it, for Jesus is the friend of little children, and He can help you through many hard times, if you believe in Him."

Just then the doctor called the Bible woman. " Here is a little girl," she said, " who promises not to cry while I lance the boil on her arm if she is given a doll." Quickly a doll was produced, and stoically, her eyes fixed on the little American " kewpie," the child stood the operation without a murmur. But the next case was that of a little boy who began to howl when he saw the doctor taking out her forceps to extract a tooth. Again a doll was the great pacifier, though, at other times, some of the hard candy was the reward for " being good."

So, by the roadside, the minutes passed busily by; while the monkeys overhead performed acrobatic stunts, jabbering away at great speed, and the green parrots flew in and out of the branches, vivid flashes of colour. Dr. Ida and her staff were hard at work, even the chauffeur helping with bandaging cuts and sore arms. Whenever the doctor prescribed medicine, she would give minute instructions.

" You understand," she would explain, " you are *not* to swallow this powder, paper and all,—just the powder, for the paper would harm you. Not, it is not magic powder,—only what we call quinine, and it will bring your fever down. And oh, no, don't take it all at once. One little package at a time, one at sunrise, one at sunset."

And again, handing out a disinfectant to bathe a sore she would say, " Remember, this is *not* to drink," and she would have to repeat over and over, " It is to wash out the wound, nothing else."

When the number of patients had gradually dwindled to nothing, the Ford was packed again, and down the road it rambled on to the next stop. One day, when the doctor thought she was all through, she noticed a man standing by with an elephant. The man did not

seem to be sick, so she did not pay attention to him, but before going, as she was eating her lunch, she came up to the animal, and began feeding him a banana. Then its owner came up timidly.

"Mem sahib," he said, "don't give him food; it is for him I came. He is sick, and I thought you might be able to do something for him."

"No, indeed," the doctor laughed, "I am sorry, but I don't know anything about elephants!"

Sometimes, the heat would become terrific, and, after a few hours' work, the doctor and her staff were tired out. One day, when such was the case, she turned to the chauffeur.

"Selvam," she said, "no more halts, but straight back home; I am afraid I cannot stand the dizziness and the headache a minute longer than I have to."

But lo, at the next village, a little group was waiting. A man stepped forward and signalled them to stop.

"No," Selvam explained, leaning out, "the doctor is faint, and we cannot stop to-day. Next week we shall be back!" and he stepped on the accelerator. But Dr. Ida had looked at the patients, and that was enough. She laid her hand on Selvam's arm.

"We'll have to go back," she said, though with a sinking heart, "they all look *so* sick! I guess I am not so ill as they are!" Reluctantly Selvam backed up, and the patients crowded around the car.

"Oh, amma," a woman cried, "when you passed us by, we were in despair! We have been waiting for you since early morning. At four we started, my husband and I, so as to be sure not to miss you, for we missed you last week. You had just gone. Do save our baby," and she handed the doctor a little bundle of rags. "It is his eyes that trouble him, and oh, I am so afraid he might get blind. You see, *I* am blind,"

and the poor sightless eyes fixed themselves upon the doctor.

Patiently the doctor examined the child. Yes, his eyes were in a very serious condition, but they might yet be saved, though next week would have been too late, and Dr. Ida forgot the heat, forgot her dizziness, her fatigue in the one thought: "How thankful I am to have stopped."

Now, a little girl pushed forward, a shy, frightened child with a few faded crumpled flowers in her hand.

"Please, amma, give me a picture-card," she asked.

"No," replied the doctor, "not for these faded flowers. You must bring nice ones. We have so many children to whom to give cards, who bring nice flowers, that we can't give you one."

"Oh, oh," the child began to sob, "please, *please,* mem sahib, it is not for me! It is for my little brother; he is so very sick, and he has been talking about you, and the horseless car, and the cards! He wants one so badly! My mother is sick too, or she would have come, but she is too sick to walk. I tried to carry my brother, but I am too little, and so I told him I'd come and get him a card, to make him well!"

Dr. Scudder drew from a bag, not a card, but a small doll, dressed in a flame-coloured dress. "Maybe he would like this even better?" she said.

The little one was enraptured. "Can he really have it?" she whispered. "Oh, he will get well now!" and she kissed the doctor's hand.

As the doll, and some picture-cards too, were being wrapped up, Dr. Ida asked a few questions: "What is the matter with your brother and your mother?"

"They have the fever," the child answered, "they are burning up, and I am the only one to help, so I must hurry back."

" But you must take some medicine with you! "

" Oh, but the doll will make Brother well, I know it will."

Needless to say, medicine was given her all the same, with careful instructions, to which she listened and which she repeated faithfully, though her last words were: " Oh, the doll will make him well! "

The next week, the child was again there by the roadside; with her was her mother.

" How is Brother? " was Dr. Ida's first question.

" Oh, amma, he died! But oh, he was *so* happy! He kept the doll in his hands all the time, and wouldn't let any of us touch it. Every once in a while, he would smile and hold it against his cheek, and oh, he died happy! Now, I've brought my mother. You will make ***her*** well, won't you? "

" Yes, with God's help," answered the doctor, after examining the patient.

One Wednesday, it was almost sunset before the last station was reached on the Gudiyatlam road. There, a little boy was waiting, beside him lay a child widow—a poor little thing with her queer shaved head, and dirty rags, and marks of beating on her thin arms. The boy had carried her from their mud hut several miles away. She was his brother's wife, but he had died, and ever since then, he, Doss, had been her only friend. His mother abused her continually, declaring that it was because she had been wicked in a previous " incarnation," that her husband had died. Then, she had become ill, and had been left to die. But Doss had thought that the white doctor could cure her. He looked up into the mem sahib's face.

" You know, two weeks ago, you pulled a big thorn out of my foot," he said, " and I saw you that same morning make a blind woman see. It was hard to

persuade Raujitham to let me bring her. She has suffered so much, she thinks everybody will hurt her, but here she is! "

Raujitham opened her eyes, a pair of dark, frightened eyes, but as she looked into Dr. Scudder's, the frightened look disappeared.

" Oh, your eyes are blue," she murmured, " the blue of the sky, the blue of hyacinths, and oh, they love! "

Tenderly the doctor took her temperature. " One hundred and four degrees! Poor little girl! We shall carry you back with us to the hospital," she remarked, as she lifted her up into the ambulance.

Away they went, and while the sun sank, turning everything into gold, little Raujitham fainted. When she regained consciousness, she opened her eyes to a new world. Everything was white in the room where she was, and what was that on which she was lying? Something soft, and oh, but she did not like lying so high above the floor! She was afraid of rolling off! It made her dizzy! Beside her were other white iron things, like the one that supported her, and upon these, under white sheets, were women and children. From under the covers nearest her, a little brown face peered, peered and then smiled.

A woman now came up and she was all in white. " Why is her hair hidden under a towel? " thought Raujitham to herself.

" Come, little one," the strange person said, " now you are awake, you have to take some medicine," and she poured something out of a bottle into a spoon.

But then it was that terrible things she had heard about hospitals came back to the child widow's fevered mind. Her mother-in-law had often told her that the white folks gave poison to the patients, to make them die, that the white folks wanted to get rid of Hindus,

that they were cruel. And so Raujitham, stiff with fear, shut her mouth tight. Not knowing what to do, the person in white called out a name, and there, into the room, stepped the doctor with the blue eyes. She came up to the bed.

"What is it, little one," she inquired, "why don't you want to take something that will make you well?"

"I don't want to take your poison," shouted Raujitham, "it will make me die!"

At that Dr. Scudder laughed a contagious laugh.

"Will you take some if I take some too?" she asked.

The little child widow looked at the blue eyes. They surely were kind, surely love was shining through them, and, after all, would the "Missie-doctor" have taken all that trouble of bringing her here, to kill her? It must have been one of her mother-in-law's lies. Slowly, a smile broke into the girl's face.

"Yes," she answered, and watched, fascinated, as mem sahib tasted the medicine. Then, *she* opened her mouth, and swallowed it down.

"We are all here to help you, little Raujitham," the doctor said. "We all want you to get well," and she laid her cool hand upon the fevered brow.

"How wonderful it is!" thought the child. "Surely now, the fever-devil will flee," and with a smile, she kissed the hand that was so near. Then, exhausted, she fell asleep.

When she felt stronger, one day, she asked the little boy in the next bed how it was that everybody was so kind.

"Oh, it is because they worship Jesus," he replied. "Here I have a picture of Him blessing little children. He is their teacher, and He told them to love and serve every one."

Now Raujitham understood. She looked at the pic-

ture. " That teacher has the same look as my ' Missie-doctor,' " she thought. " Do they worship the picture? " she asked of the boy.

" Oh, no, they worship Him in their hearts," he replied, " and they talk to Him when they pray."

Little by little, new life came to Raujitham, but not only physical life—a new look came into her eyes, the shrinking fear disappeared, a new glow seemed to light up her face. Had the Bible woman been willing, she would have listened for hours to the story of Jesus. As it was, never was there a more appreciative pupil. Then, one day, as Dr. Ida made her rounds, and bent over the once-despised little child-widow, Raujitham impulsively threw her arms about her neck, and whispered her great secret of new life: " My ' Missie-doctor,' I love Jesus too! "

The doctor's only answer was a long embrace, from a heart overflowing with happiness.

Yes, there are many who are healed at Dr. Scudder's hospital, there are many who go away rejoicing from her roadside dispensaries, there are many who " rise up and call her blessed." And yet, of her richest contribution we shall hear in the next chapter.

III

A HOPE FULFILLED

FOR years and years, while healing broken bodies and healing broken spirits, Dr. Scudder had had something on her mind. Those little Hindu girls, whom she brought back to life, always struck her as being capable of great things. Once roused from ignorance and superstition, they were quite the equals of their

white sisters. Why shouldn't they be trained to take their place in India's medical life? There would never be enough white women doctors to satisfy the need, why should not these bright Indian girls learn to fill that long-felt need themselves? Dr. Ida was sure they could do it. There were already a few Hindu women who were doctors, but these had had to secure their degree from government medical colleges, or from medical schools abroad, under great handicaps. In South India, no such institutions were open to them. Why not create for them a Medical College, where women only would be trained?

During the last year of the Great War, Dr. Ida Scudder thought the time had come to open up the question, and so began to plead for "her" girls. America immediately responded. A committee was formed, and a campaign launched, not only for a Women's Medical College in India, but also in China and in five other Eastern lands. Funds were solicited, and money began to come in, for, with anything of that kind, money is one of the chief requisites. Not the most important, however, for prayer is, and always will be the great promoter of all Christian enterprise. Prayer everywhere was offered up for the great undertaking. For the first time, the women of the Orient were to be given a chance to prove themselves. Backed by prayer came the realization of the dream.

Dr. Scudder explained the plan to the Surgeon-General of Madras Presidency.

"Oh," he laughed, "don't expect too much! India is very conservative. You will have trouble in finding girls willing to become doctors. At least, their parents won't let them! But go ahead and try! If you get *six* applications from a population of two hundred million, you will indeed be doing well!"

The invitations were sent. In all government colleges and mission high schools for girls, it was announced that, in July, 1918, in Vellore, a Medical School for Women was to be opened. " School Final Certificates, with good English, will be necessary for admission; character certificates essential; age, over eighteen. The school will be open to all, without respect to caste or creed. As the first class is to be limited to twenty-five, applications should be sent without delay." So read the circulars, and Dr. Ida waited . . . in hope!

The girls of India did not fail her: not six, but fifty-four applied! Thirty-four were admitted,—thirty-four who began work in earnest. These girls were not undertaking the task lightly, they knew that upon them rested a great responsibility, but they were willing to give up their life to relieve their own sisters in distress, they knew it would require hard work and consecration, but they were anxious to give both. At first, all the accommodations that could be offered them were two bungalows, near the Mary Taber Schell Hospital. Two bungalows for thirty-four girls! But they had to do!

Dr. Ida Scudder's faith was unlimited, and, " according to our faith " our requests are granted. A year after the school started, every student of the first class was promoted—four with honours, and seventy-four applications received for the next year. In 1922, came the crowning justification of faith: the first graduating class " smashed " all the records of the Men's Medical Schools of India; to India's own surprise, the women graduates of Vellore carried off some of the highest prizes. But do not think that those Hindu girl students had had " all work and no play "! Dr. Scudder very wisely provides for fun and relaxation in her college. She knows that girls, all over the world, love fun, and so she provides for fun! The medical students at the

Vellore hospital have their own basket-ball team, though they do not play in bloomers! And they have "College Day" as the best of American colleges. On that day, they have tree planting, followed by tournaments, races, games and sports, ending with a dinner and a drama entirely gotten up and given by the students themselves!

Of course, with a Medical School connected with it, the staff of the Mary Taber Schell Hospital had to be enlarged. Then, new buildings had to be erected. For ten years, these were "castles in Spain," but, finally, in March, 1928, the dreams materialized. If you had been passing through Vellore, on March 5 of that year, you would have seen the city all aglow—a decorated railway station, leafy arches across the road, policemen stationed every few feet, a supernaturally clean highway, and freshly white-washed bridges. If you had asked a child to tell you why, he would have answered with a smile: "Oh, the big Governor Dorai is coming from Madras to open the new hospital," and he would have pointed, with as much pride as if he owned them, to the shining blocks of gleaming white buildings, crowned by a majestic clock tower which would be impressive even in a large city.

Of course, you would have stayed to see the proceedings, and well would you have been repaid. By three o'clock in the afternoon, crowds began to arrive, and were seated under a huge canopy decorated with waving mango and plantain leaves. Indian Boy Scouts and Girl Guides were the ushers, and everything proceeded in an orderly way, though a more cosmopolitan throng you seldom could have seen. Side by side were English, Americans, Europeans, Hindus in gorgeously coloured scarfs and turbans, followers of Gandhi in white, homespun loin cloths, wearing the peculiar Gandhi cap,

Mohammedans with flowing beards and coats. On one side was the section reserved for Indian women, and nearly a thousand sat there, looking like a flower garden, with their rainbow-coloured " saries."

But a hush suddenly came over the waiting audience. " The Governor is coming! " and the Governor and the other guests of honour were led to the platform. Then singing was heard, and the Junior Medical students entered two by two, carrying festooned garlands of star-like jasmine flowers. They formed an aisle through which the seniors marched, all in white.

Many were the numbers in the program, including prayer, speeches, presentation of bouquets, the college song, the awarding of special prizes, and then there came a thrill as Dr. Ida Scudder rose to speak. She took the audience back to the days when there was no medical school—only ten years before—when it was nothing but a dream of hers, a dream—a hope! Then she told something of the history of the college. She mentioned the fact, that, after so many predictions of failure, the first class passed its government examinations one hundred per cent., and that the eighty graduates since then had come up to her expectations, filling spheres of real usefulness and consecrated service. She closed with a prayer that the new hospital buildings might not only be a mighty force to alleviate suffering, but that it might so breathe the Spirit of Christ that no patient or student might leave without feeling that He was its foundation and inspiration.

After the Governor's answering speech, a silver key was presented to him, and with it he opened the new buildings, beginning a tour of inspection.

That the Indian college girl is witty as well as wise is seen by the class prophecy of the first graduating class, written by one of its members. Not only will

this class prophecy shed light on wit, but also on ideals. The following is a quotation:

" Darkness was falling, nature was retiring to rest, and I lay on my couch, thinking of the past, and dreaming of the future. A sadness crept over my soul as I realized that my college days were no more, and it was to cheer my drooping spirits that I turned my gaze into the future with a view to discovering what it held for me and my companions, for, had I not been the seer of the class since its beginnings, four long, very long years ago? A whistle sounded across the valley, and I turned to see approaching, a khaki-clad group, headed by a familiar figure. The leader whose face literally shone, as she led her class of Junior Girl Guides, was discoursing in animated tones. To my delight, I recognized dear old Ebenezer on an excursion with her hygiene class. I was led to pity them as I heard her announce, in her usual enthusiastic way: ' We can visit the slaughter house first, then the filter beds and sewage farm, and we will aim also at the reservoir and then end with the municipal office, where I want to examine the last consignment of rat traps, and flea catchers, for girls, believe me, my latest inventions in this line are going to banish the rat, the flea, and the plague for ever more. Come along! ' Yes, it was the same old Ebbie Guanamuthu, but her name was writ large as a public benefactor, for she had invented a trap that was guaranteed to catch and to keep rats, mice, fleas, bugs, scabies, or a common cold!

" Up the steps of the surgical department I wandered, and was told Dr. Devavaram would see me when she had finished operating on a freshman into whose brain she had been grafting a memory for anatomical terms. In a few minutes, out she hopped, literally hopped, for the dress she wore in the interests of science forbade

any attempt at walking, the latest thing in operating gowns being a large bag encasing the whole of one's anatomy, from the soles of the feet to the crown of the head. The openings were three in number, one at each side of the arms, and one in the region of the face. I guessed from the curl on the fifth eyelash inferiorily, that this was my old friend, Miss Devavaram, and I guessed from what she mumbled through the bag that she was well and happy, and frightfully busy.

" My little biplane took me in fifteen minutes to the China Bazaar street, Madras, and I landed at the door of the office of the Minister of Medicine, Dr. Thai Samuel. There were 203 people to be attended to before me, but, by announcing the fact that I was an old friend, I persuaded the attendant to let me in on the 109th, without ' baksheesh.' I was ushered into the Minister's office, and there, seated in state, sat Dr. Thai Samuel. She was talking to Dr. Navamoni David, now a valued member of the Legislative Council, and adviser to government on all subjects pertaining to village life. She had reduced the death-rate in villages from 10 in 1,000, to 1 in 100! Small-pox, chicken-pox, scabies, plague, and cholera were diseases now only of the large towns, thanks to her!

" Dr. Samuel urged me, before leaving Madras, to step up to the floor above and see our old friend, Miss Borges, now Surgeon-General. I entered into the lift and was whizzed up to the office in question, and there I found her, but it was after a thorough search, for she was hidden behind stacks and stacks of papers which, she told me afterward, were, most of them, grants for the Medical School, Vellore! She called after me: ' Go to the Viceregal Lodge, and look up Dr. Asirvathani, she is private physician to the Vicerene.' I got to Simla in time for dinner, found the good doctor, and heard her

say: 'Too much carbohydrate, and not enough vitamines. Look up my last work on the "Efficacy of prickly pear thorns as a gland digestive," and tell the Vicerene if she objects, that one thorn in the stomach is better than two in the flesh.'

"Calcutta was my next destination, for there I expected to see Dr. Kanazam Stephens, the principal of the School of Tropical Medicine. I found her well, but very busy, as she had just discovered that the cause of elephantiasis was not the bite of a mosquito, but the sting from the proboscis of an elephant, and she was now busy teaching a corps of ardent workers to deal with their extermination."

Oh, Kipling! East *may* be East, and West *may* be West, but East and West *do* meet where college girls are found!

Not only is Dr. Scudder interested in the Medical School, but in every step that leads up to it. The first step up the ladder is the Christian Girls' Boarding School. Often, the most promising students come from these. But alas, these are very restricted by lack of funds! Dr. Scudder herself takes us to one of these in one of her pamphlets:

"It is the opening day in one of our Christian schools. The little ones are returning from their villages. New children are coming in. At her desk sits the Principal, much depressed, for she cannot take the many children who have applied. Alas, there is no room in the boarding-school, and no money to feed more hungry little ones, but it is *so* hard to turn them away. Looking up, she sees the familiar figure of one of the catechists who has been writing many a letter about some of the little girls in his village, who are '*so worth while.*' Clinging to his hand is a bright-eyed, tousle-headed little girl, very scantily clad in a few rags.

" ' Why did you come? Did I not tell you I could not take any one from your village? '

" ' Oh,' pleads the catechist, ' I had to bring this little one. I thought if you saw her, you would take her. She is very bright, very clever. She knows many Bible verses, she can sing all our hymns, and she is so good with any one who is ill. If any baby is sick, she runs to the home, and helps, and all say she has such a " good hand "; when she touches the sick they get better.'

" ' But,' says the Principal, ' I told you I had no room.'

" ' Oh, can't you take her? She is so worth while, and I thought now that a Medical College had been opened to train our girls, she could graduate from our High School, and then study medicine, and come back to our village, and save the sick and dying, for we have no doctor, and our village is large, and many die. She would make such a good doctor. It has taken me long to get her parents' consent. How can I face my village when I take her back? Won't you reconsider, for she is *so* clever, *so* worth while! '

" Wearily the Principal leans back in her chair, and with great sorrow says, ' No—there is no room—no room, no money! I *can't!* '

" Back across the great plains trudges the catechist. He is very silent, and the little hand clutching his tugs and tugs, and a little trembling voice says: ' Why couldn't I stay and study? '

" ' Little one,' he answers, ' there was no room! ' "

Will you, like Dr. Scudder, make room in your heart for all the afflicted ones in India, pray for them that they may be given a chance in life, give for them that they may be " let in," and perhaps, some day, like Dr. Ida, go and serve them, sisters in Christ?

JOHN HENRY HOUSE OF SALONICA

JOHN HENRY HOUSE OF SALONICA

I

REMINISCENCES

"AND then, Mother . . . then . . . what happened?"

"Then we started west with two ox-carts filled with our belongings and household goods. When we got to Ohio, we found that there were not any good roads, so we followed the shore of Lake Erie, driving the oxen on the hard sandy beach. But, one day, the sky grew black all of a sudden, and a storm blew up. I was only ten years old, and I was absolutely terrified; the wind lashed up the top of the wagon, the rain came pouring down, the lightning was blinding, and the thunder deafening. Then, to our great dismay, the waves began to leap upon the shore; they came like a troop of mounted cavalry; Father had just time to drive our cart to the high rocky bank, but the second wagon was whirled away before he could rescue it. The oxen were just swept into the mass of seething gray water, and were lost. So was most of our furniture. Alas! We were going to a place where we knew our loss could not be made up; even had we had enough to buy new things, they were not to be had in the wilderness."

"But then, Mother, how did you manage?"

"Oh, somehow. My father built tables, and chairs, and beds, at the same time that he built our log-cabin. Then he cleared the land, then he plowed it, then other people came, and the place was all built up by the time I got married."

"And you married Father who was also a pioneer, didn't you, Mother? Father has showed me how their log-cabin was not far from yours."

"Yes, that's it, but now, run along and play."

The mother stopped spinning as she dismissed her boy. Spinning was one of her accomplishments, and her children loved to gather about her for "stories" while she spun. Little John had gone out, and leaning across the porch railing, he called out: "Oh, Mary! Come on over!"

From across the road came a little girl, hopping and skipping. She was his favourite playmate, and together they began acting out the story of pioneer days. They would have liked to play always thus, day after day, summer and winter, but the following year, John began school, Mary moved away, and they lost sight of each other, though John, now an old man, still remembers Mary and their games together.

Yes, John began going to school, although his feet would dangle far above the floor of the schoolroom, as he bent over his desk. He was a bright boy, and because he always knew his lessons, he was much beloved by Miss Wood, his teacher. One day, as he was leaving the schoolhouse, one of his friends began teasing him.

"Miss Wood's pet," he called out, "teacher's pet!"

Immediately all the other children took up the joke, and repeated the words, pointing at John. John had been born with a temper, and so he saw red. With clenched fists, he flew at the other boy and closed in with him. Miss Wood stopped the fight, but for the remainder of the year, the child avoided his teacher, he even thought he hated her. Probably that is the reason why, to this day, he remembers her!

Oh, that temper of his! It would flare up at the

least provocation. One day, he was playing baseball, and one of the boys cheated. Immediately, John was upon him.

"You cheat!" he cried, gritting his teeth, "you cheat!" and he hit the boy with his bat.

Then it was that he was scared, afraid of having dealt a serious blow. The minute his temper died down, he regretted his act, and apologized, but it was always thus—when he least expected it, he would get in a rage, and sometimes was afraid he might kill a friend without the least meaning to. At the thought of that, he would begin trembling all over, and he fought hard with himself to keep his self-control.

Just before he was twelve, however, he joined the church, and found that that *did* help. But John was very conscientious, and when he was examined by the church elders, prior to his confession of faith, he made an answer that was the cause of many dark hours for him. Deacon Ladd, knowing about his temper, asked him, as a proof of his sincerity, if he flew in a rage as often as he used to.

"No," the lad answered, but, the very next day, his temper again got the better of him. Poor John, he regretted his answer.

"I lied when I said no," he thought to himself. "I ought to go and see Mr. Ladd and tell him. They won't want me in the church when they know."

And though he behaved outwardly as usual, he made himself miserable with his questionings. Finally, not being able to stand it any longer, he went to the deacon.

"Mr. Ladd," he began, "do you remember when you examined me for church membership, you asked me about my temper? I said it had improved, but I am afraid that was a lie! It doesn't seem to be any better!"

The deacon smiled.

" Well, lad," he said, " if you can own up to the fact, you're not lost yet. Never mind, just keep on trying to control your temper, and with God's help, you'll succeed."

In time, John *did* succeed. Yes, side by side with his temper, he had a great redeeming trait—a very sharp conscience! And oh, how that conscience did prick, sometimes! One day, John noticed, in a field, an apple-tree laden with apples. Nobody seemed to care for them, and many were on the ground, unpicked. Quick as a flash, the boy was over the fence, up the tree, and filling his hat and pockets with ripe fruit. But alas, when he got home, that conscience of his would not let him rest.

" That was a theft, John," it would whisper incessantly; " you stole these apples."

" Nobody picks them. They are allowed to rot," he would answer.

" Yes," the other voice would reply, " but they don't belong to *you*."

Reluctantly, the boy returned to the apple-tree and laid his treasure at the foot of it!

Even though John had joined the church, his spiritual life for the next four years was not happy. He was all the time assailed by temptations of all sorts, he felt he had no right to be in the church because he did not follow Christ near enough, he was not joyous in his religion, the things he did that were right were a burden. " I ought! " he kept saying, but that did not make the burden lighter, for the fulfillment of duty done in that spirit is not pleasant. Finally, one day, he resolved to test God. He knelt down, alone in his room, and claimed God's promises. " Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I shall give you rest."

"Oh God," he prayed, "I am heavy laden, and I want to rest in Thee. Thou hast said: 'He that cometh to Me, I shall in no wise cast out.' Make me to find Thy peace! "

Then he stood up, and suddenly he seemed to see a great light. It was not only that the sunshine was pouring into the room, it was that his soul had found the True Light. Something seemed to have drawn back a veil, darkness had disappeared, and from then on, duty became a pleasure, religion a joy.

Before this, he had dreaded going to college, for he had had the strange conviction that if he went to college, he would have to become a minister, and he did not want to become one. One day, at table, his father had repeated the remark of a friend who had said to him: "I see you are going to make a priest of your John! " And John, frightened, had lowered his nose in his plate, not daring to look up, wondering why that friend had made such a remark, for he knew his father had never even mentioned such a thing. But now his father asked him, pointblank, "Would you like to go to college? " He had answered, "No," resolved in his heart not to go if he could possibly avoid it.

But now, he wanted to go, and studied hard at High School. He was so good at mathematics that his older sister, herself a teacher, would sometimes ask his help at solving problems. In 1863, he entered the college of Western Reserve, where a friend of the family offered him a scholarship. The first few days he was there, he thought he would not be able to "stick it out." He had always been a home-loving youngster, and had never been away from home, so that he was the prey of terrible homesickness. Luckily for him, he was earning his way, so that manual work came as a welcome diversion. He worked in the principal's garden, and chopped

up the president's wood. These jobs kept him busy, together with his lessons. But what helped him most was the students' prayer-meeting. There, for the first time, he really felt at home, in the fellowship of young men of similar ideals. In earnest this group of students began to work for others. Twice on Sundays, they would walk three miles that separated them from a village where they undertook Sunday-school work and meetings. At first they were met with opposition from skeptics; some of these would often try to break up the meetings and start endless arguments, but at the end, the students triumphed and their audiences would fill the room.

It was during his second year at college that John became convinced that God's call to him was for foreign missionary work, and yet, he did not want to be a missionary—a minister, yes, but not a missionary. He remembers praying with fervour: "Oh, Lord, I will go if Thou sendest me, I shall be a minister, I shall go to the far West, but I beseech Thee, send me not to foreign lands."

While he was still debating the question, he graduated from college among the honour men of his class, and entered Union Seminary, in New York City, to train for the ministry. During his years of study there, he took charge of the mission church of the Covenant on the East Side; he preached, he visited the people, and had a class of boys in the Sunday-school. There, Sunday after Sunday, he noticed a young girl who was among the most faithful of the volunteer workers. Week after week, snow or rain, sunshine or not, that young girl would be at her place, teaching her class of little girls, and oh, how devoted these children were to her! They simply idolized her, and she would visit them in their homes. More and more did the young

student pastor long to be introduced. But he was shy, and, in those days, it was not considered proper for a young man to introduce himself to a young lady—even a fellow-worker. So, in patience he waited, and one day, at last, the chance came at a reception given for all the teachers of the mission. Of course John then made the best of his opportunity, and, once introduced to Miss Adeline Beers, he made her his very special charge, saw that she had an ample share of the refreshments, sat by her, and had a delightful time. The following Sunday, he conquered his timidity and asked if he might accompany her home from Sunday-school. The next week, he had gotten so bold as to ask leave to call! These requests were, of course, granted, and both young people rejoiced in each other's company. They always had something to talk about, for, besides having the same interest in the mission of the Covenant, Miss Beers had been wanting for some time to give her life to foreign mission work, and she told him how, the preceding year, she had been very much disappointed at her parents' refusal to let her go to India with a friend who was going to work among the shut-in women of that land.

Near the close of his years at Union Seminary, John Henry House had an offer to go to Beirut, in Syria, there to teach in the American College. But he declined for several reasons: First, it was a post for which many young men were volunteering, therefore, easy to fill; second, it was not under the A. B. C. of F. M. You will wonder what that means; well, just this: The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and is the agent of the Congregational Church. That was House's own church, so he preferred going out under it, though he knew it did not make any difference, but he had offered his services to the A. B. C., and he felt

he ought to be loyal to it. Then, thirdly, he was not drawn to educational work on the mission field; he wanted to preach, not to teach. And yet, he was destined to teach, and his greatest achievement was the founding of a school!

When he had offered his services to the A. B. C., they had asked him if he had any preference as to the country where he would work. "Japan," he had answered, "last of all, Bulgaria." Again, God overruled his choice, for the country to which he has given his life is Bulgaria!

Now, his seminary days over, he prepared for ordination. For two hours, before a council, composed of the leading clergymen of his home state, he had to answer theological questions! Then, after a vote of the council, he was to be ordained that very evening. But though the vote to accept him in the ministry was finally unanimous, he later had surprising reports of some of the reactions he had created. His own pastor had been disturbed by John's assertion that the monks of the Middle Ages had done a great deal of good in tiding the church over the Dark Ages, in copying the Scriptures and the ancient classics, and in preserving them from ruin. His brother, who was secretary to the council, had been shocked at some of his "unorthodox" remarks. Some of the pastors had said they did not approve of his theology, but would nevertheless vote for ordination. One had gone so far as to make the following statement: "The young man's theology is abominable, but perhaps it is good enough for the heathen!" But to this, another had replied: "If John had had the opportunity of questioning you, you might have had difficulty in replying!"

And so John Henry House was ordained, and that same summer, he was very anxious to go to a meeting

of the Board under which he was to serve. But the A. B. C. sat in Boston, and John was home in Ohio, without the means for such an expensive trip. To his great joy, and, as he felt, a direct answer to prayer, one day, his pastor called him. "House," he said, "I have two tickets to attend the meeting at Boston. I shall take you along." So he went.

While in Boston, he visited an old friend of his, a Mrs. Prescott, one of his school-teachers who had married and settled there. For a while, he had been longing to pass through New York on his way back, to call on Miss Beers, but he thought it could not be done for lack of funds. What was his surprise, when, while with Mrs. Prescott one day, she slipped a ten-dollar bill in his hand!

"I want you to have this," she said.

"God does answer prayer," thought John gratefully, "now I can go to New York."

Arrived in that city, he hastened to Miss Beers, but his heart sank when he was informed that she was very ill with typhoid fever. He had to return home without seeing her, but he sent her some flowers, with a note. Of course, when she recovered, she replied to the note, and that was the beginning of a regular correspondence which ended with marriage, in September, 1872. Then, the two prepared to leave for the mission field.

But meanwhile, House had had quite an interesting time in Garrettsville, in Ohio. There, the church was somewhat run down, and he was asked to take it over for seven months to help build it up again. It had suffered from a quarrel between two parties, and the building as well as the organization was in poor condition. At the first prayer-meeting, only four or five people attended, so that the new pastor gathered them around the stove in one corner of the lecture room. But as the

weeks passed by, the congregation became more numerous; pretty soon, they were so cramped in the lecture room that it became necessary to adjourn to the church itself. Sunday services became crowded. During the week, House pushed his pastoral work vigorously. As he did not know who were attending his services, and who did not, he would take all the houses in a street, one after the other, and call. When he found he was calling upon a member of some other denomination, he would say he was pleased to meet with Christian people, and explain that he had no desire to draw them away from their own church, and then he stated the circumstances which had led him to their house.

One day, he reached a house at some distance from the village. He knocked. A woman opened the door.

" What do you want? " she said.

" I am the pastor of the Congregational Church," House replied. " I should be pleased to have you attend our services, if you are not connected with any other."

" Oh "—she spoke very fast—" it is you priests who are turning the world upside down! I have not been to church for fifty years! "

The woman was about to close the door in her visitor's face, when his answer seemed to arrest her.

" Well, then," he said, " you are just the person I came to see." Whereupon she let him step in. Once seated, the woman began talking again very rapidly.

" Now, I want you to understand," she said, " that I do not believe in anything I do not see." She had a New York paper in her hand.

" Where was that paper printed? " House asked.

" In New York," she replied.

" But you have never seen New York, how do you know it exists? "

Baffled, the woman ran into her pantry. There, she began rattling the pots and pans. Meanwhile, the young pastor was talking to the daughter who sat sewing by the window, flushing a deep scarlet at her mother's behaviour! After some time, the woman came in again and talked in a quieter way. To House's great astonishment, when he bid her good-bye, she shook hands, saying quite cordially: "You'll come again, won't you?"

Such were some of the experiences the new minister encountered at Garrettsville, and he certainly won the people's confidence. After his seven months' stay, they pled with him to give up foreign mission work and stay to be their pastor. This, of course, he could not do, and shortly afterward received his "marching orders" to Bulgaria which was then a part of European Turkey.

II

UNDER THREE FLAGS

THE journey to Bulgaria in those days was a long and tedious one, through England, through Germany, through Vienna in Austria, down the Danube to the Black Sea. There, at Varna, House and his wife had to take a steamer to Constantinople. What a confusion of languages they met with at Varna! Everybody seemed to speak a different dialect—everything but English. Luckily, they met an Armenian who spoke a little in that tongue, and so they finally succeeded in getting themselves and their baggage down to the water-front. There, at a distance from the shore, their ship was anchored. How to get to it was the next important question! Hundreds of little boats plied to

and fro. By paying four dollars, an exorbitant price, the missionaries finally persuaded a boatman to take them on board, but once arrived at the gangway, another perplexing situation presented itself—how to make one's way up the narrow stairs to the deck, when a crowd of people were jostling each other at every step! Mrs. House in the attempt was almost pushed into the sea, but at last they reached the top, safe and sound, baggage included. Then began the sea-trip to Constantinople, where they arrived in good condition. After spending a while in that city, they proceeded on to their proposed mission station at Ekri Zaghra.

First, they had to take a boat, through the Sea of Mormora and through the Dardanelles, to a little place which was the head of a new railroad under construction. They spent the night at the " khan," or hotel, of the village. But by a hotel, do not think that a spacious building with rooms and modern comforts is meant, no indeed! In those days, in Turkey, " khans " offered you a roof, and that was about all! Mrs. House, her husband, and the two men who were accompanying them were to sleep in one room, where there was no ceiling, the beams and the under-side of the tiles were in plain sight, cobwebs hung from these, the floor consisted of the good, solid earth!

The next day, they started for the train, but to their great disappointment, they found that their baggage had not come yet. The conductor, however, was very kind; he offered to hold the train until the ox-cart had arrived that carried the boxes and trunks. In a little while, it appeared, and a start was made. Leisurely the engine made its way inland, and reached the last station, Hermanli. There, the little party had to spend the night, but as there was not even a " khan," they spent it in the railway carriage. Just before going to

sleep, one of the men told the story of how a former missionary had been killed by bandits not far from that very spot. He did not realize the effect on Mrs. House! She could not sleep a wink after that, her imagination conjured up all sorts of weird happenings, she thought she could hear footsteps approaching through the night, and she was terribly startled when some one, at one o'clock, tried to open the door. Immediately she thought of bandits. "They have come for us!" But the door, being locked, did not open, and nobody tried to break it down, so that the rest of the night was spent peacefully enough.

A native preacher from the mission station came to meet them at Hermanli, with two "taligas"—or carriages. To the Houses' great amusement, he greeted them with a kiss! A taliga is a clumsy affair, being totally springless, and consisting of flat boards covered by some kind of mattress; at least one can lie down for a rest when tired of sitting in a cramped position; also, one can get down and walk! The scenery was enjoyable, and the new missionaries had their first glimpse of villages among which they were henceforth to work. The fields lay in the fertile plain, well tilled, but never did the peasants build their houses on their fields; they sought the protection of villages where the houses clustered together. The churches—of the Russian Orthodox faith—would invariably be the most important buildings, towering above the low huts. The only mishap of the journey was the fact that, passing a narrow bridge, a poor little donkey with a heavy load stood in the way, and the Turkish driver of the "taliga," instead of waiting, drove right on, knocking it off the bridge! Of course, House was indignant, and remonstrated with the driver. He wanted him to stop and go back, but the Turk just shrugged his shoulders. Even

if he could not understand the torrent of English words, at least he could understand the foreigner's excited gestures, but little did he care! A donkey more or less, why get so angry about that!

So the missionaries reached Ekri Zaghra, and there they began work. At first, work consisted in learning the language, and, of course, that was hard, when your teacher did not understand a word of English, and no text-books were available! But within a few months, they began to know enough to speak—even to preach. Then, a little boy was born to the Houses, and when little Harry was ten months old, his parents began making a true missionary of him by taking him around on itinerating tours.

One day, they started with him on a trip to Kaiyaludere, where they had friends who had invited them. Arrived at the village of Omarchovo, however, they stopped, wishing to spend the night there. House left the taliga in the market place, and walked over to the priest's house. The priest was a friend of his and he had hoped to find him at home, but no, the priest's wife told him, the priest had gone to a neighbouring village, but wouldn't Mr. and Mrs. House and the baby come in? This they did, and were having a pleasant chat, when some noise outside attracted their attention. On opening the door, they saw, to their great amazement, that a crowd had gathered. At any time, the sight of Bulgarians is not made to inspire confidence: with their turbaned heads and loose garments held in at the waist by a heavy girdle from which the handle of a knife or the butt of a pistol always emerges, with their dark eyes and shaggy eyebrows, with their unkempt beards, they usually present a warlike appearance. And that day, House knew they were not bent on pleasant business, for, the minute he saw them, they began to shout: " So,

you've come to steal a boy from us, to take him to your school! We shall stone you out of the village!" At that, the missionary tried to explain that he meant no such thing, that his were peaceful intentions, that the school at Ekri Zaghra had never been recruited by force, but still the crowd would not listen, so that, after bringing his wife and his baby to the taliga, House stepped into a coffee-house to interview the headman of the village. In those days, before beginning work in any part of Turkey, missionaries always obtained from the sultan, what was called a "firman." A firman was a permit, written in huge letters, on a huge sheet of parchment, enjoining all headmen to provide shelter, lodging and protection to the bearer. When he saw the "firman," the headman immediately bowed low, pressed the sultan's seal to his forehead, and went out. With his big stick, he began to disperse the crowd, and the method was effective! Around Mrs. House in the taliga, women had gathered; they wanted to see the baby, and asked a hundred questions about it and its mother. Never had these Bulgarian women seen another woman dressed in European fashion, and they stared and stared at the "queer clothes"! They couldn't understand why the baby was not swaddled from top to bottom, as theirs were, and why Mrs. House did not feed it every time it cried.

But they too scattered before the headman, and the latter led the foreigners to the house of an old lady where they were hospitably received. It was St. George's day, the great spring holiday in Macedonia, and every household, on that occasion, kills a lamb and roasts it, so that the Houses partook of the feast. But, though they were supposed to stop with the old lady overnight, they were not allowed to by the crowd which had once more gathered and began throwing

stones at the windows and the door. Not wishing to bring trouble upon their host, the missionaries left her hospitable house, and again went to the headman, who finally lodged them at a widow's, who lived at the other end of the village. There they spent the night, after a pleasant evening spent with the widow and her boys.

The next morning, they journeyed on, but, about six miles away from their destination, the Turkish driver stopped. "No," he wouldn't take them any further, "they had had too much trouble at Omarchovo. It would be just the same at Kaiyaludere, and he wasn't going to risk being stoned." No arguments, no pleadings could persuade him to go on, so that House had to change his plans. The little party was taken to Yamboul instead. There, in Yamboul, there was quite a community of evangelical Christians who welcomed them warmly, and there they stayed three weeks, House preaching and visiting the people, while his wife taught the children. While in Yamboul, they learned that, though they had not reached Kaiyaludere, their friends there had been beaten for having invited them!

The work in Macedonia went on, in spite of incidents like these, but, after two years of relative peace politically, revolution broke out, followed by massacres and wars. These lasted for many years. Finally, Bulgaria obtained her independence, and so the mission was no longer under Turkish rule, but under a Bulgarian king.

Meanwhile, the Houses had been transferred to Samokov, to work along educational lines, and at Samokov the school prospered, in spite of many interruptions due to the unsettled state of the land. It was at this time that a new idea took firm hold of House's mind. "There was something wrong with their school system," he thought. One of the Bulgarian ministers told him that there were plenty of "educated" men

in the country, that they all applied for clerkships in government offices, and that those turned away were responsible for political unrest and petty intrigues. There were not enough positions open for the number of applications, and those who were disappointed, not being fit for anything else, became the prey of revolutionary agitators. In Samokov, the missionaries were educating boys and girls, but were they preparing them for life? Those who were graduating had entirely wrong ideas about manual work; because they were supposed to be "intellectuals," they thought it beneath their dignity, even to carry parcels! One day, in the village, House saw one of the mission boys hiring a street urchin to take a few purchases to the school! Of course, that was an entirely wrong attitude, so House set to work to change it. He began advocating industrial work. The boys of the Samokov school would have to spend two hours every day learning a trade: printing or carpentry. That would make them useful citizens. But, in those days, those things were looked upon as outside missionary business. It was hard to persuade the Mission Boards at home to spend money for work which was not directly evangelical. Still, House gained his point, and, within a few years, the Samokov school boys were making furniture for the Queen of Bulgaria!

But, before this was accomplished, there were many problems to solve. First, that of getting motive power for the printing-press, and for the lathes. Hand power was slow and inefficient—so much more could and would be accomplished if only electric power could be provided. So House thought of the little stream of water that ran through the back part of the compound. It seemed to say to him: "Why don't you put me to work?" And he *did* put it to work. With the help of little Harry and his watch, he measured its velocity.

He gave his son some chips of wood to drop in the water, some distance above, then counted the seconds it took for those chips to reach him. With the knowledge thus gained, and a great deal of poring over the "*Encyclopedia Britannica*," the missionary turned into an engineer, and produced a very creditable under-shot water wheel which supplied one-half horse-power for the use of the industrial department. As the success of the latter became more and more assured, John Henry House began to plan greater things. A regular castle-in-the-air took shape in his dreams—that of a school which should train the youth of Macedonia to have a part in the agricultural as well as the industrial development of the country—a Christian school independent of denominational support, yet where the ideals of Christ would be taught and carried out in every-day manual labour. This it took House at least twenty years to realize, but realize it he did, for in 1902, he bought fifty-three acres of land near Salonica. On these acres the school was to grow.

But even for the purchase of the land, patience was needed, for the fifty-three acres were owned by thirteen different persons, and it was not easy to get them together, though they had to be all there before the deed could be signed. Faith was the foundation of the school, and by faith it was bought before money was even in sight. But faith was justified, for the funds came.

You would indeed have thought it a work of faith, an impossible dream, had you viewed the "farm" in 1902! It was a barren, desert, parched hillside—not a tree, not a crop, nothing but . . . a view, but what a view! The blue Ægean Sea at its feet, and, forty miles away, Mt. Olympus, rising to ten thousand feet—Mt. Olympus where the Greek gods sat! Glorious

sights such as these are an inspiration, an incentive to make dreams come true, and this one did come true.

In 1904, when the school was incorporated with a board of trustees in America, these trustees might have smiled at what they were supposed to represent, for, upon the barren tract of ground, there was only one building—that of the Bulgarian keeper! A building? No, a hut. And, furthermore, you couldn't have said that the hut had been " erected," for, because of winds, it was sunk, and only a small part of it was visible beside the chimney, but that same Bulgarian had proudly put up the sign, " American School," written in Bulgarian, with Greek letters.

The work began with ten orphans whom Mr. Haskell, House's associate, had recruited after the Monastir massacre. At first, the great question was how to obtain teachers, but this problem was soon solved, for a mason and a carpenter came, asking to be trained for the ministry. So they agreed, in exchange for their instruction, to teach the boys their trades. It was the same with the tailor and the shoemaker. Had you been present at the first agricultural lesson, you would have laughed! The teacher—a simple farmer from the neighbourhood—used one of the old-fashioned plows of the same type as in the days of Abraham. Beside him trotted the youngsters, and in the mind of the farmer, these were certainly a nuisance! It was only after a while that he caught on to the idea, that they were there to learn, and that they could only learn by doing things themselves—then only did he let them guide the plow, drive the oxen, and " mess up his work"! But these boys did learn, and they did accomplish things. The first year yielded a six-bushel wheat crop, now the average is fourteen! The old-time plow has been replaced by a modern one; farm machinery, in-

cluding binder, thresher, reaper, has been imported from America and is now in use. The grain fields of the school are the envy of the whole countryside, and often, farmers come from far, to find out the secret of their wonderful yield.

Another puzzling question at the beginning was water, how to get it on that arid hillside. House decided on digging a well, and indicated a spot which he thought was favourable. Through a misunderstanding, to his dismay, the work was begun further down the slope, but he soon realized that God had foreordained the change! Water was there found at a depth of 175 feet, whereas, at the original choice spot, no water was ever found, though it was tried a few years later.

Little by little the school grew. At first, the ten pupils lived in one room, sleeping on the floor, rolling up their bedding in the morning, so that the room could be used for school, as well as for a dining-room. Now, there are ninety boys enrolled, from the ages of twelve to sixteen, and they live in buildings which they have helped themselves to erect. Half their time is spent in the schoolroom, half in training for manual work.

The Great War came and went, bringing many changes in its wake. One of these was the change of nationality: Salonica, no longer Bulgarian, is now under the Greek flag, but all nationalities have been and are represented in " the Agricultural and Industrial Institute." As a rule, it is agreed that all the Balkan races hate each other—the Serbs hate the Bulgarians, the Bulgarians hate the Greeks, the Albanians cannot stand the Greeks, the Moslem hates the Christian, the Christian despises the Jew, the Jew is jealous of the Armenian! And yet in Dr. House's school, race hatred, religious prejudice disappears: Greek, Albanian, Bulgarian, Serb, Jew, they all live together in peace and dem-

onstrate the ultimate triumph of Isaiah's prophecy: "The lion and the lamb shall lie together."

During the war, a great many Allied troops were quartered in Salonica, and English, Americans, French came to visit the school. Sunday services were held there for them regularly, and, sometimes, as many as eighty soldiers would walk the three miles from their barracks, in order to attend. After the service, tea would be served and then followed a social hour. These men became staunch friends of the school, and some of them even supported boys there for a while. A French airman, one day, brought a Jewish boy whose mother had been killed by a bomb in Monastir.

Another change due to the war was the exchange of population, bringing into Greece thousands of refugees from Asia Minor, and deporting into Asia Minor whole villages of Mohammedans. While this was being carried on, a quaint incident happened. One day, one of Dr. House's old friends came to see him. For years he had furnished the school with wood from up the mountain, but he was a Moslem, and so, in accordance with the treaty of exchange, he was to move on to Asiatic Turkey. His was a long tale of woe. The Christian refugees from Asia Minor were settling in his village, literally pushing the Mohammedans out. Of course these were going eventually, but this man and his family had had to leave their home before they were ready, and they had nowhere to go. Would the school shelter them for a while? Dr. House tried to argue with him.

"Why don't you go to your own Mohammedan priest?" he asked.

"No, no, the mollah does not care anything about me," was the answer. "*You* are my 'father,' so I have come to you!"

"Well, but Allah's will must be done. It seems to me that it is Allah's will that you should be homeless. As a good Moslem, you are to accept whatever he sends you."

But the poor man was not ready to assent without a murmur.

"You are my 'father,'" he repeated, "let me have some room on your place!"

"But where?" Dr. House replied; "there is only one spot vacant, and that is the space underneath the porch stairs of the new unfinished building!"

"That will do very well," the man said, and he was given permission to try it. To the whole school's amusement, he arrived the very next day, bringing with him his family, but . . . the family consisted of his wife, eight children, a donkey, sheep, and a dog! Yet the whole family lodged for many months beneath the porch, and lived peaceably with its neighbours!

And now, on that hillside far across the sea, the desert has disappeared. On one side you will see a plantation of 2,000 mulberry trees. Why mulberry trees? For the silkworms, for the silk industry was one of the first started at the school. Then, on the other side, you will see fields and fields of grain, rich and fruitful. The orchard will reveal apricots, apples, pears, almonds, cherries, plums, persimmons, walnuts. Besides these, there are over 6,000 grape vines. Then, you will want to inspect the dairy, milk from which has undoubtedly saved many a baby's life in Salonica. You will also have to visit the pigs, and the chickens, with the up-to-date incubators. At the last commencement, instead of a regular indoor program, the audience was entertained to an actual work demonstration—cows were milked before the eyes of the spectators, and fields were threshed!

Those who have graduated are doing fine work wherever they are scattered: Twenty-three are in Greece, four in Serbia, sixteen in Bulgaria, sixteen in America, one in England, three in Armenia. More than two hundred fifty boys have passed through the school since 1902, and indeed the Salonica Agricultural and Industrial Institute, spiritually, as well as actually, has caused " the desert to bloom." Instead of the thorn *has* come up the fir tree, instead of the brier *has* come up the myrtle tree, " and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

And what of Dr. House?

He is one of the few who have been able to reap where he has sown. At 84, he is still hale and hearty. When Salonica became Greek, he thought he was too old to learn the new language: Bulgarian he could speak, Turkish he had mastered. Why begin Greek, when he probably would never live to speak it? But that was ten years ago, and he now regrets not having tackled that job! In 1922, he and his wife celebrated their golden wedding; in 1927 the Greek government conferred upon him the Cross of Chevalier of the Order of the Saviour, in recognition of his large and constructive services.

He and his wife look back upon a useful, active life, and with faith look calmly forward into the future, knowing that they have done God's work, and that God will take care of both the work and the servants.

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